CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZIN

MACLEAN'S

February 15

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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EDITORIALS

WANTED: TIMETABLES FOR OUR LEGISLATORS

EVERY year about this time, some Opposition M.P. gets up to suggest that the parliamentary committees be set up, so that the House can get some work done. Every year the Government replies politely that the matter is being considered. Every year the committees are set up at Easter or later and nothing much is done in the first half of the session.

This would be a bad thing in any case, an inefficient use of expensive time. But in our Parliament this evil is compounded by its opposite—the second half of each session is far too busy. So much work is crammed into a few weeks that however hard they work and whatever hours they sit the haggard and harried M.P.'s can't help scamping their job.

Arthur Blakely, Ottawa correspondent of the Montreal Gazette, recently dug some interesting figures out of last year's Hansard. On June 27, he found, the House of Commons passed 58 spending resolutions comprising 217 separate outlays for a total of nearly $92 millions. One sitting of the Commons lasts six hours. So on that day the House voted about $15 millions an hour, or $250,000 a minute. Only six per cent of the items were seriously questioned; 42% were not questioned at all and no single appropriation was reduced.

Too many Canadians, we suspect, would agree with Blakely's own conclusion from this evidence: "That the Canadian House of Commons . . . is no longer capable of subjecting huge federal expenditures to the careful and zealous scrutiny which its responsibilities require."

If that feeling is widespread, Parliament and the Government had better pull up their socks. No elaborate "reform," no change in House rules would be needed to prevent this kind of foolishness. Only three things are needed and all could be done under present rules.

1. The Government should assume responsibility for the allocation of Parliament's time and enforce closure if necessary at the end of any debate.

2. Party leaders should exercise enough discipline to assign speeches to the best-qualified speakers instead of letting every debate deteriorate into a procession of windbags.

3. Government and Opposition alike should try to get down to business faster. More work and less oratory in the early weeks of any session would do wonders.

These are things the legislators could and should do to raise the prestige of democracy in a democratic land. But the citizens thereof should remember that a democracy is bound to be a bit untidy.

Questioning takes time. Challenges to authority, which are the very hallmark of a free society, often rouse impatience in the listener. The faults of democracy—slow and cumbrous motion, waste of word and thrift of deed—are largely inherent in its virtues.

You can pay too high a price for efficiency. Mussolini, you may recall, made the Italian trains run on time.

The Waiting is Awful

WHEN 1947 was completed many a taxpayer must have wanted to calculate at once how much he would owe the Government on his year's income. Those who tried to do so this year were out of luck. Up to late January, at least, the new income tax forms were not ready.

We have no doubt the Department of National Revenue could produce a dozen plausible excuses for this. None of them would be good enough, in our opinion. Bureaucracy is getting altogether too cavalier about the means and method whereby it takes our money away from us. This bit of neglect, trivial enough by itself, is all too typical of an attitude that's been growing on Ottawa.

Item: Food, Chalk, Pencils

THROUGH most of this month the Canadian Appeal for Children is conducting a campaign to raise $10 millions. It would be hard to think of a worthier cause.

This is really two appeals in one. The United Nations Appeal for Children, one sponsor of the Canadian campaign, wants money to feed the children of Europe—more money than it can get from its members' governments. UNESCO—the United Nations Educational, Social and Cultural Organization—wants money to educate the same children.

Not only more food and clothing, but such homely needs as 52 million pieces of chalk and 200 million pencils are on their shopping list. The objective is to rescue millions of children, the citizens of tomorrow, from hunger, misery, sickness and ignorance. It's all one job and it's one in which Canadians should be proud to help.

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

ON AN average of once every month our ivory tower is invaded by a stern messenger who looks us in the eye and tells us without shilly-shallying whether the people who see this magazine are (a) really reading it or (b) falling asleep over it. The messenger represents the independent fact-finding agency that prepares box scores on every other issue showing which editorial items have been best and least read according to the testimony of a balanced cross section of the magazine's audience.

● During the course of a year this superkibitzer gives us many a nasty turn: far more frequently than is good for our egos, he reports that an article or story we thought was going to lay the customers in the aisles actually produced the resounding impact of a small kitten scratching its ear. On the whole, though, he's been kinder than usual lately. According to his figures, Maclean's was more thoroughly read by the average reader in 1947 than at any other time in the magazine's history.

● On the basis of these findings we've prepared a sort of best-seller list for the last operating year. It includes the best read articles that appeared in the 19 1947 issues for which our professional kibitzer has so far supplied us with reports. We feel it throws a certain amount of light on what people like to read about nowadays—a question in which we wouldn't expect you to share our own bread-and-butter anxiety, but which we're hoping will at least command your academic interest.

The best sellers covered a range as wide apart in subject matter and spirit as the range between bridal bouquets and atomic bombs, the alcoholic ward and the choir loft, the county jail and the chamber of the Privy Council. Here's the top ten:

● Sidney Katz' "The Truth About Sex Criminals." (July 1)

John O. Colton's March 15 forecast of the royal betrothal, "The Princess and the Sailor."

Robert T. Allen's portrait of a bay-rum-and-shaving-lotion addict, "They'll Drink Anything." (Oct. 1)

Royd Beamish's "What To Do In a Fire." (March 15)

Blair Fraser's searching look at our first prime minister, "The Great and Gay John A." (July 1)

Elizabeth Leese's serenade to her favorite city, "Montreal is the Town for Me." (July 15)

Scott Young's story on the abortion racket "Death Before Birth." (April 1)

Lionel Shapiro's prophetic report from a Balkan hot spot "Greek Tragedy." (Sept. 15)

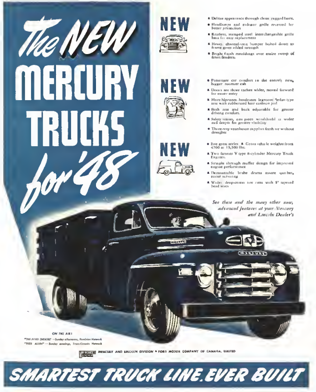
John Clare's story on the young Toronto evangelist, Charles B. Templeton, "Sunday Sensation." (May 15)

General H. D. G. Crerar's warning, "War is a Prospect Canada Must Face." (July 15)

● In making up the list we didn't consider the magazine's regular issue-in-issue-out features. If we had, five of them—Cross Country, Backstage at Ottawa, Beverley Baxter's London Letter, Wit and Wisdom and Parade—would either have made the hit parade on the strength of their average reading scores or been well up in the second ten. So would feature articles on such diverse topics as health, the state of Great Britain, John L. Lewis, cartooning and railroad cops.

The firmest and most satisfying conclusion we've been able to draw from this assorted evidence is that the readers of Maclean's are one of the most versatile reading audiences in the world. Discriminating too. Oh, that's all right. Maybe you can do the same for us some day.

The Editors



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Rideau Hall family: Rose, Lord Alexander, Shane, Brian, Lady Alexander.

Inside Rideau Hall

A close-up of the Alexanders, representatives of Royalty and a family you'd like to have for your new neighbors

By EVA-LIS WUORIO

THE LITTLE dark man came in so quietly no one heard him until he stuck his head in the doorway of the old dairy and demanded brusquely, "Where'll I put them brooms?"

The man in tweeds, altering a light fixture under a work table, crawled out, dusted his knees and said softly, "Now, I would suppose the laundry."

"Where's that?" the little dark man barked.

They faced one another, the little man in a smart overcoat and the other, broad-shouldered, middle height with amused eyes, in tweeds, worn breeches and leather leggings.

The man in tweeds went to a window and pointed to the laundry, a low house, bright in the December sunlight.

The broom man said derisively, "That building's closed. I went there."

"How about the big house?"

"I've left brooms there before," the broom man said a trifle snootily and added, "would you be wanting any?"

"No," said His Excellency Alexander of Tunis, Viscount Harold Rupert Leofric George, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., LL.D., Governor-General of Canada. "I don't believe I need any at the moment."

In the doorway the broom man looked back. "How about Christmas cards?" he asked. "I sell them too."

"I'm afraid I've got mine," said His Excellency.

The broom man turned to go reluctantly. "No harm in asking," he said. And then his eyes got an accusing look. "That there totem pole," he said. "Never was there before. I been here before."

A happy smile lit the Governor-General's face. "That's mine," he said. "It was given to me."

The broom man stared at him a long moment. A faint gleam of recognition seemed to flicker in his eye. Then a grin spread well over his face. "Oh, oh," he said, "well, Merry Christmas anyway, folks."

The intrusion was uncommon but none the less welcome. Usually at Rideau Hall in the Dominion's capital the visitors arrive in striped pants, their names appear in the orders of the day, and the Mounties at the gate are alerted about their arrival. But the old dairy building on the grounds which His Excellency the Governor-General has converted into a studio invites informality. It's exclusively his haunt. He has the only key. Even the family come in only by invitation.

The seventeenth viceregal tenants of Rideau Hall are the sort of people you always wish your new neighbors would turn out to be like. The five Alexanders — His Excellency, Lady Margaret

Alexander at his desk Once he thought nothing of crossing deserts, now lack of exercise bothers him

Chief Nakapunkim and his Kwakiutl totem pole But Indian chiefs aren't what they used to be

The Montreal gallery has two oils by Alexander Lady Alexander watches him paint in Cape Breton

The Alexanders have made a home of the 60 room vastness of old Rideau Hall. This is the main hall

Alexander, Rose, 15 Shane, 12, and Brian, 8—are a family unit, obviously fond of one another. They have adjusted their days to a Canadian tempo, after having made their home in the Northwest Frontier camps of India, a Windsor Forest place in Berks, England, and in the sweetly named towns of County Tyrone in Ireland.

Rideau Hall, their residence for the past two and the next three years, is architecturally a monstrosity It has been added to so often that you almost need a map to find your way about its 60-odd rooms its marslike halls. Yet somehow set upon its lawns it's a pleasant place Its present occupants have succeeded in giving the house a feeling of home.

They've Settled In

YOU ENTER the grounds from Sussex Street If you happen to pick a lucky day for your visit you might see His Excellency on a campstool by the lodge gates. He'd have a pipe clamped firmly between his teeth and on his tanned, handsome face a frown of concentration that would lift only as he quirked an eyebrow at the view of the Ottawa River before him. He'd be holding a paintbrush lightly but surely, and his canvas would be jammed against the lid of the paintbox balanced on his knees

And if your visit was timed for noon, you'd probably also see the arrival of a small black car crowded with children and with Lady Alexander at the wheel The children always come home to lunch from the private schools near by If you follow the car up the curving drive by the snowy sloping lawns, spotted by ancient trees, you get to a porticoed house at the top

Successive governors-general and their wives have left their mark on Rideau Hall The Earl of Aberdeen built a chapel and installed an organ. Lord and Lady Dufferin felt they needed a large ballroom to accommodate parties and amateur theatrical performances. Earl Grey wanted a panelled study and got it Lady Byng built the rock garden Lady Willingdon filled the "Long Drawing Room" with her Chinese pieces.

To date the Alexanders' additions to the Government House include a battered, boy-sized toy jeep in the front hall the sound of a hockey game between Brian and his friends down the long red carpeted hall outside the dining room a shaggy haired English sheep dog named Tessa, sitting like a professional mourner while the children are at school and a hockey glove in the "tent" room, so named for its canopied ceiling

There are also two graves in the garden where Tessa's two puppies are buried At times in the park there are chickens kept and cared for by Rose There's the fantastic, vividly colored totem pole by the old dairy. And above all, there is a sense of hospitality and home

The tenants themselves are nice people

Margaret Lady Alexander is a tall slender woman Like so many Englishwomen—the Queen for example—photographs fail to show her clear, warm coloring, the mobile light on her face, the quick smile

Not long before Christmas she went to Toronto for a day's shopping There were some 200 people, outside the immediate family to whom she wanted to give presents. By 5 p.m her lady in waiting for the day, a Toronto woman was limp but awed They'd shopped from the hour the shops opened Every present got personal attention There was no wholesale "this'll do" buying For every recipient—doormen maids drivers—she had either a mental note or a written memo, so that the present would be both appropriate and the right size

Lady Alexander dresses simply but smartly At noon, when she drives the little black Monarch to Ashbury College to pick up Brian, and around the corner to pick up Rose and house guest Biddy Hazeltine at Elmwood she looks like any other pleasant Rockcliffe mother gathering the kids for lunch. Hatless even on cold days, sighing because Rose won't wear gloves but with British disregard for weather entirely unworried *Continued on page 56*

If Germs March To War

Disease and death could rain from any passing cloud in the bacterial war for which science is preparing

By HOWARD W. BLAKESLEE

IN A certain year that cannot be named a balloon that has drifted across the Pacific ocean is over Canada

Toward evening while the balloon is lazily floating above the heavily populated St. Lawrence valley a mechanism in the bag releases tiny strips of paper These flutter and scatter over many miles.

The paper is dry But it is impregnated with disease germs of the kind that like to spread in water and food When wet these germs will leave the paper and begin propagating

That same evening another balloon is observed It drops no paper. But some spotters say they think they saw a few streamers tailing the balloon for a short time These looked like vapor or dust.

Both balloons are bacterial warfare weapons. The second is potentially the more dangerous because it is dropping, in an invisible fog or dust disease agents that are spread by air They are the more difficult to detect and neutralize.

Fantastic? No These balloons are only one of the more extraordinary germ war attack weapons. They are not the best They merely illustrate the great fact that this kind of war is possible.

The End of Mankind?

TODAY'S great new weapon is bacteriological war With germs and viruses spread on hostile territory a combatant nation can flatten crops, start epidemics which spread through the population and infect domestic animals with deadly disease.

Some authorities predict that bacteriological war will be worse than atomic war that it may cause a really "scorched earth" destitute of subsistence for man and perhaps wipe out the human species.

Dr G Brock Chisholm, who was wartime director of the Canadian Army's Medical Services and is now secretary-general of the World Health Organization has been quoted as predicting that any number of millions of human beings can be killed in a few hours by methods of bacterial warfare now available. He had grave doubts whether the major part of the human race would survive

But Col Wallace Goforth, former member of the Chemical Warfare Board of Canada, in a reply was quoted as saying that while no one with expert knowledge would dare to underrate the real dangers of bacterial warfare it simply is not true that this class of new weapon possesses even a small part of the power which Dr Chisholm attributes to it.

American congressmen, after hearing confidential bacteriological warfare reports have stated that the wheat crop of an area as large as the Dakotas of the United States could be destroyed with a single operation One congressman declared that the American Navy had a germ that could destroy all life in a city

Both military and naval authorities have expressed similar views, not so extreme, but still visioning devastation over much of the face of the earth.

On the other hand most of the scientists directly associated with bacteriological warfare have been more conservative

One of them remarked "It would be quite sufficient to kill 10% of the population of a nation."

But even a death rate of only 10% would scarcely mitigate the psychological and terrorizing possibilities of germ war Any passing cloud, no matter how beautiful, could raise the spectre of death A crashed crop plane could be a decoy laden with infection Any curious object could be a germ-covered booby trap.

The military theory is that no germ attack will have to cover a whole city A few well-placed explosive shells releasing viruses or germs might be sufficient. They could start a disease that would spread for months, even years

How great this spread would be and how rapid would depend on the ability of the defending doctors and chemists to identify the disease very quickly The probability is that identification would be a matter of only a few hours and that remedies would be at hand

Defense forces can take comfort in the fact that diseases just as bad as any likely to be discovered for war use were once a natural and unavoidable part of great wars. Defensive medicine may become so good that when an attack is made the general in charge of medicine may broadcast a message to take pill number seven in the green box three times daily And the public may have faith that the green medicine will save them.

There are broad and immutable conditions that cover the workings of bacteria and toxins, the poisons produced in a plant or animal by infection

First is the fact that human beings, since their origin have lived in a world filled with more kinds of germs and toxins than even science knows.

Second in this long human experience, mankind developed its own natural body defenses that work against both the living disease organisms and poisons and toxins. These defenses are known as antibodies. They appear spontaneously in man's body when anything infectious or poisonous makes him ill. They are not a quick *Continued on page 54*

DRAWING BY CAHEN

He told Nan how the men in the gang lost their nerve.

OUT-OF-TOWN ASSIGNMENT

BY JAMES CARVER

CITY EDITORS invariably told reporters new to the city to watch Nan Morgan of the Blade when they were out on a story. These instructions were pleasant to follow because Nan had all the curvaceous qualities of a pin-up girl, plus a flair for clothes that made other women pluck distractedly at their new outfits and wonder why they felt suddenly frumpish when she walked in.

The instructions were also very sensible in the interests of self preservation for, in addition to being nice to watch, Nan had the instinctive uncanny intelligence of a beagle that somehow got to be district attorney.

"Schiaparelli with a touch of Machiavelli," was the way her own city editor, Tom Bailey, had once described her.

When Nan was starting out in the business of getting news, fresh from school, Bailey sometimes allowed himself to feel proud that he had trained her. Now that she was one of the best reporters in town, with an uncanny feeling for news and a sweet ruthlessness with the opposition, he often wondered in a nervous way just what he had started when he first sent her out to cover a flower show. He no longer boasted mildly to himself about what he had created; he just marvelled apprehensively at what had happened and hoped no one would lure her away to another paper.

The heat of the day was beginning to throb like distant tom toms when Nan swung out of her rumpled bed and walked with a sleepy shuffle to the hall of her tiny apartment to answer the phone.

"Do you know where Cairnsville is, Nan?" asked the voice.

"Is this a quiz show or Bailey?" she asked irritably.

"It's Bailey, baby. They just called me from the office. There's a big story at a place called Cairnsville. Wonderful story . . . right down your alley," he said soothingly.

Bailey writhed every time he listened to himself wheedling a reporter. He had been raised in a tough school under a city editor who would have made Simon Legree look like Mother Machree. It had been his ambition and intention, until good newspapermen joined the shortages like soap flakes and good Scotch, to emulate that rugged character.

"What's happened in Cairnsville that makes such a good story? Has a one headed baby been born in the town?" asked Nan flatly.

Bailey's chuckle was as cheery as a ninety-nine-cent alarm clock at seven a.m.

"Nan, this is good. The mayor, a millionaire by the name of Wurtele, has been kidnapped. It's a great story," he said.

"They're all good stories. What time is who picking me up?" she said wearily.

"Frank Lobracio, the new photographer, is on his way over. You'll have time to get dressed," said Bailey.

"That's nice. How about my day off?" asked Nan.

"Look, Nan, you can get your day off as usual. You can take it in Cairnsville if you like, or you can . . ."

"I'd be likely to take it in that place, wherever it is," snapped Nan.

"I thought you liked small towns. You're always talking about a place in the country, some chickens . . ."

"Tom, we're wasting time. I'll write 'By,'" said Nan.

"You'd better 'By,'" said Bailey.

Nan had a cool shower and began to feel better. She slipped into a black linen dress that gave her a crisp, uniformed, expensive look. Her scrap of a hat was fresh as a new clip atop her shining cap of hair. She swept up her bag, a raincoat and her always-packed overnight case just as the apartment buzzer sounded.

Lobracio was just out of the Navy, delighted to be driving a car again, delighted to be on a story with Nan Morgan.

"I've sure heard a lot about you, Nan," he said, underlining his words with a long appreciative look.

Nan tapped him on the sleeve.

"Just keep your eyes on the road and drive this thing, or they'll never hear of either of us again," she said quietly.

CAIRNSVILLE would have been a two hour drive with almost anyone but Lobracio. He slowed down at the outskirts after a little over an hour and Nan said:

"Be sure to put your wheels down before you land, sailor, and then I think we should check in at the police station."

They all said Nan could handle a crime story like a man. That's why it was a shock to see her suddenly go for the woman's angle

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

He stopped with a curve and a cloud of dust like a cow puncher pulling up to the hitching rack of the Last Chance Saloon.

There were two reporters on the sidewalk. They ambled over.

"Hi, Nan," said George Blakely.

Karl Parsons, the other reporter, gave a languid, one-fingered salute to Nan. He looked bored.

"Well," said Nan. "Certainly looks like a red-hot story from where I'm standing."

"The chief's no help, Nan," said Blakely. "There's nothing new and the people at Mayor Wurtele's won't even talk to us. The police have thrown out a dragnet, they are leaving no cliché unturned."

"We're going to stick around the station and wait for something to pop," said Parsons.

"Well," said Nan, "suppose we should go up to the house just to say we've been there anyway."

"No one will talk. There's an old aunt and she's tough," offered Blakely.

"We'll give her a try," said Nan.

"What pictures do you think we should get?" asked Frank.

"How about starting with close-ups of the kidnappers," said Nan.

Lobracio flushed. Nan put her hand on his arm.

"I'm sorry, Frank. Didn't mean to be sarcastic. I'm tired I guess. Tired and fed up with this road show of a job. We can get a picture of the house even if she won't open up the family album for us."

As they drove up the hill to the residential section of the town Nan really saw Cairnsville for the first time. The streets were broad and shady. It was a hot day but here there was a slight sweet-smelling breeze.

"It's not that hot heat you get in the city," explained Frank.

Nan nodded. By the time they reached the Wurtele house she was beginning to like Cairnsville.

Nan drew the old fashioned bell pull and released it. The bell sounded deep in the house. There were footsteps, heavy footsteps, and then Nan was facing a large, good looking young man with fair sun bleached hair and blue eyes. He wore an army shirt, no tie, sleeves rolled up.

"Hello," he said. "Won't you come in?"

Nan hesitated.

"Thank you, but I was looking for Mr. Wurtele's aunt," she said.

"She's here. She won't talk to you, but come on in anyway," said the large young man.

Nan looked closely at him.

"Why won't she talk to us?" she asked.

"She won't talk to any newspapermen but me. I'm Sam Cairns. I'm the local press."

They shook hands.

The large young man continued.

"You see, in Cairnsville people talk only to the Cairns. Something like Boston, I guess." He closed the heavy door behind Nan and guided her down a long narrow hall with a gleaming uncarpeted floor.

"Which paper are you with?" asked the local press.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I should have said. I'm with the Montreal Blade. I'm Nan Morgan."

They shook hands again.

In a sunporch at the back an old lady was rocking with determination and the intensity of a rider posting to hounds. She looked up as they entered.

"Miss Wurtele, this is Miss Morgan. She is from a newspaper in Montreal," said Sam Cairns.

"How d'ye do," she said crisply to Nan. Then to Sam: "Now send her away, Sam. I'm not talking to any of them."

She went back to her rocking. Sam spread out his hands in a helpless gesture and turned to Nan.

"It's like that all over town. They come to me before they go to the police. I haven't been out of uniform long enough yet to get used to it. You see, it's all because my grandfather founded this town and my father ran the newspaper here for fifty years. I'm sorry, Miss Morgan."

Nan smiled at him.

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THE MYSTERY OF MIGRATION

By C. FRED BODSWORTH

ON A misty morning in the fall of 1943 radar watchers at an isolated air station on Canada's northwest coast were hunched tensely over the viewing screens of their instruments. The radarscopes had revealed unidentified flecks in a sector 30 to 40 miles away where there were no friendly aircraft.

Singapore, the Philippines and a hefty slice of the Southwest Pacific had already fallen to the Japanese. Invasion of the Aleutians and Alaska had been expected for weeks.

Information on the position of the raiding squadron was radioed immediately to the filter room in Victoria, B.C. The whole coast was alerted.

One group left the main body and headed directly for the radar station. The radar men held their breaths.

Suddenly they were there, dotting the horizon, a couple of hundred of the finest formation fliers the world has known—Canada geese.

That incident linked migrating birds with radar for the first time. Radar engineers had been puzzled by phantom signals which appeared frequently on their scopes only to disappear before fighter pilots could intercept the aircraft which presumably made them. These ghost signals caused by birds had been responsible for several false invasion alarms in southern England and elsewhere.

But ornithologists and students of bird migration discerned quickly that, though birds might be a nuisance to the radar men, radar could become a boon to the birdmen. Most birds migrate at night to avoid hawks and to leave themselves the daylight hours for feeding. Radar could watch them.

But these radar observations of birds form merely a small phase of a far broader study of nature's biggest riddle—animal migration. Probably in no other field has the practice of putting one science to work to solve another been used so widely.

Mammalogists, for instance, spent years unsuccessfully seeking the reason for the periodic mass migrations of Scandinavia's mouselike lemmings. A biochemist finally solved it, not by studying the lemmings themselves, but by investigating the plants on which they feed.

When modern medicine uncovered the functions of glands in the human body, ornithologists studied and found that glands are an important factor in the seasonal migrations of birds.

Entomologists for a long time sought some means of marking the wings of migrating butterflies to trace their movements. Another science—chemistry—finally came to the rescue with a water-resistant aniline dye capable of withstanding weather for several months and the bug chasers say that many new discoveries are now possible in the hitherto unexplored realm of insect migration.

And out at sea, the use of electronic depth finders to locate underwater schools of fish promises to throw new light on the trans-Atlantic movements of the European eel, which is probably the most remarkable and little understood of all wild life migrations.

When radar was turned on the birds, it exploded some old misconceptions. It was once thought, for instance, that ducks and geese hit a flight speed clip up to 150 miles per hour with smaller birds proportionately slower. Now, accurate tracing by radar has shown that 60 to 70 miles per hour is tops for ducks and geese and that most small birds are down in the 20- to 30-mile bracket. Similarly, ornithologists once

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Without sextant or compass, birds, fish, even butterflies unerringly span oceans and continents. How? Man can only grope for the answer

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Larceny For Sale

By JAMES H. GRAY

HAD A HANKERING lately to go out and locate that floating dice game and try to get even? Or take a crack at the big poker game with the boys in the back room? Or maybe your game is bingo—or those midway games of "skill" and "chance"?

Then perhaps you'd be interested in knowing that one of the largest makers of crooked gambling devices on the continent recently celebrated its 55th birthday in its spacious, four-story building in Chicago. Regardless of how your gambling preferences run, the chances are that sooner or later you'll encounter some of this firm's equipment, or that of one of its rivals. It's practically guaranteed to land you flat on your face in the financial mud if you're betting against it.

Although profitably dedicated to insuring all Mr. Barnum's suckers against ever getting an even break, even accidentally, the crooked gambling device business operates along normal lines. It advertises. It is equipped with a receptionist, burglar-alarmed windows, an office manager, a sales manager, a plant superintendent and a purchasing agent. Selling only for cash, it doesn't have a credit manager—having learned no doubt that the credit rating of crooked gamblers (which means practically all the professionals) is zero-minus.

Because 90% of the company's business is done by mail, its showroom consists of a couple of display cases for dice and a platform on which carnival wheels are displayed. Its real showcase is its catalogue—the Secret Blue Book—a fancy compendium of text and pictures of the newest and best in instruments for the extraction of cash from the gullible.

It's quite a catalogue. In addition to describing all the latest gimmicks in dice, cards and carnival equipment, it points a moral as well, though inadvertently. It is this: the gambling device that cannot be fixed has yet to be invented. In warfare, the pundits say that defense always catches up to offense. In gambling, the suckers' defense against fixed dice and other devices lags so far behind the ingenious multipronged offensives of the hustlers that it's nonexistent. And a sucker, for the sake of the record, is any gambler who will play with anyone else's dice, cards or games.

The art of giving the sucker the works has been greatly refined since the days when cards were marked by thumbnails and dice loaded with BB shot. The real sucker today is not the innocent who could be fooled by a pair of crudely loaded dice. It is the pseudo-wise guy who thinks he can tell a pair of phony dice from perfect dice. That can only be done with indicating calipers that show variations from true of a thousandth of an inch, with balancing calipers that will detect loaded dice and with a knife-edged square that double checks on the calipers. You can buy all three for $33.50, if you want to feel protected. But the Chicago boys also sell half a dozen different kinds of phony dice from $7.50 to $20 a pair that will caliper perfectly and still give a sucker all the worst of it!

A pair of dice are two cubes. The dictionary defines a cube as a six-sided solid on which all faces are equals and all angles are right angles. If one perfect cube were rolled six million times each face would come up a million times, or reasonably close to it. Yet the slightest tampering with the edges, the sides, the angles, or the weight, will knock these mathematical calculations into a cocked hat. Few other gambling devices lend themselves so easily to effective tampering as do dice.

Yet the illusion persists that dice, or craps, is an honest game of chance and most difficult to fix. Another illusion is that when bone dice were supplanted by transparent plastic dice it became more difficult to load them. Because the players can't see the load in the transparent dice they assume it isn't there. Silly boys. The load's simply on the outside, not the inside. It is done with either gold or platinum on the spots that make up the numbers. A set of three platinum-filled dice retails for $24, f.o.b. Chicago, while gold-filled sets are available at $15.

Percentage Game

THESE fancy jobs come under the heading of "percentage" dice. They are not infallible and anyone who bet his life on their roll might lose it. But the percentage is so strong that it would not be too bad a bet.

The player in a crap game first rolls the dice to get his point. If he rolls two, three or 12, he loses his money. But if he rolls a safe point, say a five, then to win he must roll another five before he rolls a seven. If he's playing against an operator with a set of platinum or gold-filled dice, he's sure to put down a lot more dough than he picks up.

They work this way. The three dice in the set are loaded differently—and of course only two are used at a time, the sucker not even suspecting the presence of the third. The first cube will have a tiny particle of platinum in one spot designed to bring up the ace more frequently than any other number. The second cube will be loaded for the two and the six. Used together the dice are "miss-outs"—that is, they will wind up with a count of three or seven more frequently than any other.

The third cube is so filled that the two or the four is set to come to the top when the dice stop rolling. The two-four and two-six dice, because they avoid the seven, become perfect passers. Once the man rolling the dice gets his point to shoot for, the "ace" cube is substituted for the two-four cube and the odds against his making his point before he throws a seven skyrocket. The sleight-of-hand involved is primitive.

These are by no means the only kind of dice available for the operators of gambling dives. Our Chicago friends devote

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There's easy money in loaded dice, marked cards and phony midway games. But not for you, Sucker!

Watch it! Maybe you can see through these clear dice — but they're loaded!

Cross Country

THE MARITIMES

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND is nominally dry, the only dry province in Canada. But with a doctor's prescription, good for six months, the thirsty Islander can buy a bottle of liquor or case of beer a week. Mainlanders have enjoyed poking fun at the amount of sickness prevalent in P. E. I.

They may lose their joke if Premier J. Walter Jones carries out a promise he made during the recent provincial election campaign. He said that if re-elected he'd hold a plebiscite in June of this year on the question of returning to bone-dry conditions. The drys have won all past plebiscites and, if one is conducted, it's highly likely the liquor-by-prescription system will end.

* * *

Halifax trotted out its brand new $20,000 snow blower for a demonstration on the city common. While Mayor Ahern, aldermen and city officials watched, the giant machine tore into the deep snow, shuddered to a halt and died.

The Montreal manufacturers rushed experts to the scene. Someone, it seems, had forgotten to put chains on the power-driven front wheels of the behemoth. But when a record snowfall hit the city the big "vacuum cleaner" was ready and covered itself with glory.

* * *

Eighteen thousand workers in New Brunswick shipping and logging industries, who had been scheduled to come under national unemployment insurance last November, will have to wait until spring. Ottawa had not been able to iron out the administrative details in time.

The seasonal character of both industries makes them difficult fields for the insurer. A complicating factor for longshoremen is that they may work for several employers in the course of a single day and their earnings vary widely from week to week. Cont'd on page 29

Under the snow he found $150,000 (Ottawa).

BEVERLEY BAXTER'S LONDON LETTER

Brighton cheers Churchill. The attitude toward him has begun to change.

"Buy Churchill!"

I AM well aware that early in 1946 I wrote a London Letter explaining why it was likely that Winston Churchill would give up the leadership of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons at an early date. Among the readers of that article was Mr. Churchill himself, who chatted briefly about it with the author in an entirely good-humored manner.

But he did not give up the leadership. He remained the boss and he still is. Therefore such small credit as I may have derived from my earlier prediction that the Conservatives would be badly defeated in the 1945 general election has been dimmed by false prophecy concerning Mr. Churchill.

In fact, such is the unpredictability of human affairs that the future of Winston Churchill has now become an engrossing topic. With some trepidation, therefore, I intend to deal with that subject now, well aware that the disproved prophet is like the bird with a broken pinion which never flies so high again.

It must be remembered that in politics a man's accumulated years do not stand against him as in other professions. When France was faltering in 1918 the French turned to the 77-year-old Clemenceau. In Germany, under the Weimar Republic, the people put their trust in the aged Hindenburg. Today the Prime Ministers of South Africa and Canada are septuagenarians and in Britain they still recall the great days of Gladstone who formed his last Government at the age of 83.

Therefore, the 74-year-old Winston Churchill is in the great tradition. In fact, looking at his pink cherubic face and listening to his ringing voice one feels that here is someone whom the gods love and have even given some of their immortality.

Then, why was there ever any thought that he would resign the active leadership of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons? Well, for one thing, he had before him the tragic spectacle of Lloyd George, victor and architect of the First World War, who clung to office until he was defeated in 1922 at the age of 59 and lived in the political wilderness until his death at the age of 82.

In his book, "The Aftermath," Churchill wrote pungently about the errors of a man who thinks that he can carry on, once the pinnacle of his achievements has been reached. He pointed out that Lloyd George should have accepted his defeat and become an elder statesman guiding not only his own people but the troubled nations of the world. The enemy of no party but the friend of all, his authority in the House of Commons would have been enormous. Thus wrote Churchill, the historian.

He Knew Better

BUT WHEN the *time* came Churchill, the politician, made exactly the same mistake as L. G. You will remember that in the 1914-18 war Lloyd George headed a Coalition Government in which the Tories had a majority, but Bonar Law, as Tory Leader, was content to be his loyal and devoted second in command. Yet when the election of 1922 came Lloyd George made cruel fun of Bonar Law as a second rater.

In the 1939-1945 war Churchill had the Socialists as his partners in the coalition and they served him loyally and well. But when the election came Churchill derided his wartime colleagues as enemies of society. So far the parallel with Lloyd George was complete. In both elections the people refused to accept their hero's version. I never thought the Tories had a real chance in 1945, but if we had, Churchill's famous first broadcast destroyed it.

During the election Churchill made a triumphant tour of selected constituencies, being received by cheering crowds with some hostile booing thrown in. It is a matter of record that practically every one of those constituencies proceeded to return a Socialist. I can understand the voting but I cannot gauge the distorted malice which caused people to boo the man who saved them from terrible defeat.

So we assembled at Westminster, the Socialists 400 strong and the Conservatives less than half that total. One of my friends in the party looked at Churchill on our Front Bench and murmured to me: "Which is worse—for a Roman Emperor to have to lead a decimated platoon or for a decimated platoon to be led by a Roman Emperor?"

Not only were we few in number but there were more new boys than old. It was one of the loneliest experiences of my life after 10 years in Parliament to look upon strange faces in every part of the House.

It soon became apparent that we, as an opposition, were going to have a difficult task under Churchill's brilliant but *Continued on page 35*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Price Rocket by the Toil

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

WHEN THE Government reversed its policy and went back to price control last month it did so with great bitterness. Most cabinet ministers, especially those like Finance Minister Abbott who had been firmest in their devotion to free enterprise, felt that an important segment of free enterprise had let them down.

They had been driven by rocketing costs of meat, butter and vegetables to adopt the policy that the CCF had been urging on them for more than a year. They'd had to repudiate their own decontrol policy, which the CCF had attacked at every point. Worst of all, they had done so very largely for the reason that the CCF had predicted—because too many dealers were taking advantage of the situation at the expense of the consumer.

The Cabinet knows that its new policy is extremely vulnerable.

On everything except a simple primary product like food, price control has become impossible. The complex machinery of wage control and import subsidy that kept down the price of clothing and furniture and what not had all been scrapped by last fall. So there could be no price control on the things the farmer has to buy; obviously it would be difficult to maintain control on the food the farmer has to sell. The Government felt it could be done through the winter, when the chief beneficiary of price increases would be not the farmer but the middleman. But it could hardly go on into the new crop year.

Only one thing could really bail the Government out—a break in world prices. The whole decontrol policy had been conceived in the belief that world prices would have passed their peak by the fall of 1947. That forecast turned out to be wrong. The "recontrol" policy, if that's the right word for the change in January, is an attempt to dam the tide until spring or summer of 1948. If world prices are still rising by then, the Government will have the same dilemma all over again. And with the prospect of Marshall dollars to maintain the volume of purchasing at existing price levels, it looks as if its troubles about price control are by no means over.

* * *

TWO PARTICULAR events were the occasion for sharp increases in the cost of food. One was the embargo on imported fresh vegetables, which was imposed Nov. 18. The other was the new contract with Britain for beef and pork, announced Jan. 2. In the view of the Government's advisers, neither of these justified an immediate advance in Canadian prices.

When the restrictions came on—with the exception of a small hothouse production—Canadian vegetables had been grown and harvested and a large percentage of them had been bought from the farmers by dealers who had them in storage. Cabbage, to take one example, had been sold by Canadian farmers at harvest time for about three cents a pound. By January cabbage was wholesaling at 12 cents a pound and retailing as high as 20.

On Nov. 1 the official price index for vegetables stood at 155.4. By Dec. 1, a fortnight after import controls went on, the vegetable index had hit 186.8—an increase of more than 21 points.

It was suspected in Ottawa that these increases were only partly due to profiteering. In the opinion of the Prices and Trade Board another factor was the wholesale fruit and vegetable dealers' dislike of import controls. Many such dealers are also importers and their volume of trade had suffered from the embargo on import of U. S. produce. A runaway market in what green vegetables we had left might conceivably scare the Government into relaxing the embargo.

But it didn't work out that way. The Government was willing to import a small quantity of Texas cabbages—had always intended to do so when Canadian supplies ran out—but it was set on admitting only enough imports to meet a real shortage—at a controlled price.

At the time price controls came on there were large stocks of vegetables in the country. Stocks in storage at Jan. 1, compared to those of a month earlier and those of a year previous were:

Too many dealers were taking advantage — just as the CCF had predicted

	Jan. 1/48	Dec. 1/47		Jan. 1/47
Potatoes (tons)	375,866	449,977		467,030
Onions "	13,228	15,902		15,600
Beets "	1,406	1,722		1,460
Carrots "	9,261	9,726		11,284
Cabbages "	2,530	4,559		5,223
Parsnips "	677	1,041		1,105
Celery (crates)	53,489	170,428	Can.	89,428
		2,493	Imp.	4,443

Stocks generally were a bit lower than last year, in the case of cabbage, parsnips and celery, much lower. But none had reached the point of exhaustion. It was evident that some of the stocks would be exhausted before winter was out and that imports would have to be resumed at some point. But in the Government's view the appearance of famine that some retailers' shelves presented early in January was not justified by the level of storage supplies.

THE BEHAVIOR of meat prices was the Government's worst headache. Here's what happened.

On Jan. 2, Agriculture Minister Gardiner announced the new, higher prices for the British meat contracts. The new contract prices were all higher than the old—but not much higher.

The Government felt beef needn't go up at all. The last ceiling price on first-quality beef was higher than the new 1948 contract price to Britain. Pork would be driven up about a nickel a pound, carcass price. Veal and lamb weren't affected at all.

Within a week of the Gardiner announcement pork had climbed to a new high—not a nickel but a dime above the old ceiling price. Beef was six cents above the old level, lamb nine cents and veal 10.

It takes three weeks to turn a fresh-killed hog into bacon, but Canadian bacon was selling at retail for as much as 20 cents a pound above the previous level within two or three days of the contract announcement.

By December the biggest runs of both cattle and hogs had been completed. Meat in cold storage on Jan. 1 was at a peak of 112 million pounds, 30 million more than last year. There were 56 million pounds of pork, 35 million of beef, 6½ million of veal and 9 million of lamb and mutton.

There are, of course, no official figures on the profit that dealers made on this stored meat. If all of it had been bought at the old ceiling price, simple arithmetic would tell you that the inventory profit would have been $7 millions. Actual profit must have been less than that, for prices started to move in anticipation of the new contracts; some of the meat in storage presumably was bought at different levels along the range of the price rise. But even when full allowance is made for that, you can still see a quick profit here running into millions of dollars.

You'd think—and one *Continued on page 56*

BEAT IT OUT, BOY!

In a strange world of batter heads, paradiddles and ratamacues, drummers practice the rites that make you feel primitive as you prance

Any buyer in George Newnham's shop must be a drummer. That's all he sells: drums.

By GORDON SINCLAIR

PROFESSIONAL drummers are a temperamental tribe who brood blackly of mayhem if you suggest to them, as many do, that any adolescent could beat a drum.

"Here," they'll growl as they hand you the sticks. "Let's see what you can do. Beat me a triple ratamacue!"

And brother, unless you're one of the clan, you've had it. You can't understand it, much less do it.

It's true that any infant can wham a drum in simple rhythm and most of them do if they get a chance. But the professional drummer is a skilled percussioner who rarely reaches the peak of his noisy art until he has been twirling the sticks for five years and has mastered a bewildering variety of noisemakers just to split your eardrums or set your toes twitching.

Take a look at Ted Martin at the top of this page taking off in a solo of "China Boy." In the 10 seconds of action represented in the picture he has thumped, whammed or clashed (from left to right) giant tunable tom tom, tunable tom tom, 13 inch cymbal, bass drum, snare drum, 13 inch cymbal, tunable tom-tom, high sock pedal with 12-inch cymbals and 16-inch cymbal. His right foot is on a pedal beating the bass drum, his left controls the high-sock pedal which clashes its cymbals together. He does all this and manages to keep time, too.

That would seem enough to keep any normal human busy. Some drummers aren't content with this array of instruments though. If they want to shoot the works they can surround themselves with tambourine, triangle, castanets, cowbells, gongs, tubular bells, glockenspiel, xylophone, vibraphone, whistle (pause for breath), dulcitone, rattle, wind machine, anvil (no kidding), tabor, pistol, Chinese drum, whip and sometimes a siren. It's no wonder some of them need station wagons to carry their gear from date to date.

Turn a tyro loose on this heap of skin and metal and you'd get bedlam. But the expert professional, trained in the 26 rudimental figures of drum playing, can beat out a regular rhythm and still find time to wear a paper hat in the funny numbers.

Serving up the Beat

IN ALL Canada there are less than 1,000 professional drummers, but another 4,000, some of them very expert, hammer the calfskins for love. You'll find them in school, pipe and town bands from Victoria to Sydney. They form an essential part of every orchestra or band.

Paul Scherman, a violinist who is one of Canada's brighter young conductors, explained their role to me.

"The drum's job is to provide the basic rhythm for the melody and no march or dance is possible without it. Where the bull fiddle or the tuba gives foundation to orchestra or band, the drum fills in the cracks and serves up the beat."

Drums are essentially veneer, wood or metal shells covered at each end by tightened skins. Any skin from elephant to human can make a drumhead, but the usual hides are calf and pig. The batter head, the one you thump, is usually calfskin, the bottom head of a tom tom may be pigskin.

According to George DeLaune, a jack-of-all-drums who between dates reads up on his profession, there are at least 300 varieties of drum split into four main types. They are two types of snare drum, the bass drum and the timpani.

First there's the orchestra snare, a wood or metal shell 14 inches in diameter and five to eight inches deep. The heads are tightened up by tension screws around the edge of the drum. It gets its name from 12 wire snares stretched across the outside of the bottom head which vibrate when the drummer beats the other head. It's played from a sitting position.

The parade snare is much the same except that you carry it and the snares are made of gut to give the crisp tone required for marching.

Everyone knows what a bass drum looks like. Dance orchestra models are played with a foot pedal; parade basses are carried.

"The grand razzmatazz among drums," said George, "is the timpani used in sets of two or three in symphony orchestras. They look like big soup kettles. Matter of fact if you took off the head and put a cork in the bottom they'd be very good for soup. They've got only one head—like me—and a note of exact pitch can be made by adjusting the tension handles or tuning with a foot-pedal tension adjustment."

In addition to the four basic types there are all sorts of specialty drums. The bongo, used in South American orchestras, is an example.

"It's a finger drum," George explained. "Its player is the prima donna of the orchestra because he can take off and go into flights of almost anything when he feels like it. Unluckily his bongo has no snare for tuning so the alert bongo player carries a ration of canned heat on the hip. When humidity or rain bogs down his bongo, he lights up, dries off the hide and takes off again. Sometimes both player and drum get the heat treatment."

Another South

Continued on page 39

"What's cookin', Good Lookin'?"

"When my husband greets me like that, I know he's brought home his appetite—and what a help to have good, hot soup ready. I just couldn't keep house without Campbell's Soups. They're so tempting and nourishing and — a real life-saver for us young marrieds. Of course Bill and I have our favorites but it's such fun to go 'exploring,' too, among all those kinds. You make wonderful discoveries!"

Campbell's Soups

Made by Campbell's in Canada

BEEF through and through—a stock simmered from lean beef, plenty of pieces of beef, golden egg noodles. A main-dish soup for a hungry man!

CAMPBELL'S BEEF NOODLE SOUP

A festive soup, and nourishing too! Tender hothouse mushrooms are blended with extra heavy cream to make this truly wonderful soup.

CAMPBELL'S CREAM OF MUSHROOM

"Almost a meal in itself" is what women everywhere call this hearty, homey soup, with its 15 different garden vegetables and good beef stock.

CAMPBELL'S VEGETABLE SOUP

Look what's here for Breakfast---HOT!

IT'S THAT VALUE-FULL, FLAVOR-FULL WHOLESOME WHOLE WHEAT

BAKED BY
THE CANADIAN SHREDDED
WHEAT COMPANY LTD.
NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

Pour seated boiling water over Nabisco Shredded Wheat in a strainer. Dot with butter and brown sugar. Serve with whole milk.

COLD MORNING, QUICK HOT BREAKFAST THAT'S NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT... AND EVERYBODY'S HAPPY ... FOR SERVED HOT OR COLD... CRUMBLED OR WHOLE NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT GLOWS INSIDE YOU WITH THE SUNNY HEARTY FLAVOR OF THE NATURAL DELICIOUS WHOLE WHEAT ... FULL OF WHOLESOME CHEERY NOURISHMENT... GALLANT NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT ... YOUR BEST BUY FOR TOMORROW'S BREAKFAST.

The Pigeon and the Eagle

By ROBERT ZACKS

I FACED Mike, alone, while we were waiting for Sally. I wished fervently I hadn't run into them, hadn't accepted their invitation to lunch.

"Well," I said politely. "It's been a long time. Seven years. Big changes, eh? Imagine, you and Sally are married!"

Mike fiddled with his cigarette, staring at it.

"We've been married three weeks," he said.

The waiter came and took our order, went away.

You sure don't act like a newlywed, I thought. I waited uneasily for what I knew was coming. "Congratulations," I said aloud. Mike nodded quietly.

"Have you heard about Rita?" he asked, shamefacedly.

I stared at him. He wasn't kidding me.

"Look," I said. "You've been married only three weeks. Forget Rita."

Mike said haggardly, "I can't. I'll never forget her." His hand shook a little as he raised his cigarette. I said nothing. Then he looked at me bitterly. "Funny, isn't it? She was crazy about you and you wouldn't look at her. I chased her, she chased you. You were really rotten to her. I wish ..."

I didn't like this. "I don't care what you wish. She was treated as she deserved. She was poison. She used to spend hours telling me how she could make you jump through a hoop."

Mike was pale. But he had asked for it and it was true. I had no pity. "And you jumped. It was disgusting the way you crawled with everybody in the gang watching. I told her to keep away from me but she wouldn't. You were there, you heard it!"

"Yes," muttered Mike. "It hurt her. Terribly."

"Ah," I said in disgust. "You're a fool."

He twisted his lips. He hated me, I could see. "Have you any idea where she might be now?" he asked eagerly.

I was exasperated.

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Mike had just been married and all he could talk about was Rita— which was kind of funny because his wife's name was Sally

ILLUSTRATED
BY CAHEN

His Lasso Is a Lens

By LAWRENCE EARL

H. A. STROHMEYER, a silver-haired, bespectacled, somewhat senior and more ebullient edition of Hollywood's Fred MacMurray, each year travels about 60,000 miles through Canada and the United States by train, plane and automobile. Often, in the garrulous atmosphere of a Pullman smoker, a seat mate tenders him the cliché password of the traveling clan:

"And what's your line, Bud?"

"Me?" Harry replies. "Why, I photograph cattle."

"Yeah, yeah," is the invariable answer, "but what do you do for a *living?*"

To the uninitiated, this would seem a normal enough reaction. Actually, the senior member of the firm of Strohmeyer and Carpenter—"photographers of farm animals"—has been earning more than his simple keep for 32 years by taking the portraits of the elite of the farm animal world.

Friends guess that his annual income hovers around $25,000, but Harry just grins and admits that "I do better than most small-town lawyers."

Strohmeyer is one of the four or five recognized artisans specializing in cattle photography on this continent, and whatever the haze surrounding his dollars and cents earnings there is none obscuring his skill. He holds the same high place in photographing the bulls and belles of cattle aristocracy that Yousuf Karsh occupies in the portraiture of distinguished men.

Two men moo. Bossy looks pretty. The shutter clicks. And that's the way Harry Strohmeyer makes a living

Many an envious commercial photographer has tried to shoehorn himself in on the "racket." So much money. So little work.

But after a year or two of developing more ulcers than photographs, of drawing long looks of contempt for their best picture efforts from finicky farmers and breeders, of being mistreated by bad-tempered bulls, of telling an owner that it is impossible to photograph a black stallion at dusk against a background of dark trees only to hear "But Strohmeyer does it!"—after all these annoyances and dozens of others twice as hard to take, most of the once-eager tyros fold their black focusing cloths and slip silently into the night, pausing only to doff newly respectful hats to King Harry on the way out.

The chore of posing only one recalcitrant beast might wreak havoc on the photographer used to clicking the shutter on comparatively docile human beings, but Strohmeyer, in one memorable nine-hour stretch, chalked up a record by getting 54 four-footed critters down on film. "That," says Harry, weary even at the thought, "was some day!"

The king of cattle photographers, at 57, is athletic of build (which helps), has occasional fits of fiery temper (which doesn't) and is gifted with a pixylike sense of humor.

Once Strohmeyer took a photograph of breeder Elmo Ashton of Foster, Que., leading one of his prize dairy cows into the ring. Before he delivered the finished photos Harry did a painstaking job of retouching on one of them. Ashton studied the print a good 10 minutes, with occasional outbursts of, "What a cow! What a cow!" before he noticed that the face on his own body was that of a hideously grinning chimpanzee.

Strohmeyer never lets his sense of humor interfere with his conscience, however. An uncomplimentary photograph of a valuable prize animal can mean the loss of thousands of dollars to its owner—potential buyers won't bother to turn up at an auction if the picture used in advertising the sale shows faults which the beast may not actually possess.

That's why Harry refuses to click a shutter until the animal he has focused on his ground glass is absolutely right. This

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It took Harry Strohmeyer years to master the tricky art of livestock photography.

PHOTOS BY [illegible]

Posing bashful bulls can take 30 minutes.

Through its International Service, Canada talks to the world in eight tongues — at a cost of a dime a year per citizen

A short-wave tower at Sackville, N.B.: Jumping-off spot to the ionosphere.

THE CBC'S TOWER OF BABEL

By LESLIE ROBERTS

THE YOUNG MAN in the control room piped a few bars of "O Canada" into the microphone. When what may be called the Canadian commercial ended, an announcer's voice moved in and said "This is Canada." Then spoke briefly in the strange jargon of radio about wave lengths, call signs and suchlike. CBC's International Service was on the air.

For an hour the service would broadcast to the United Kingdom, after which it would swing into another of its eight languages to talk to the Scandinavian countries, later turn to France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, to Russia for the U.N. All this occupies a period of more than 11 hours a day, seven days a week, timed to fit the best receiving hours around the globe.

This flow of language originates in a modest building on Montreal's Crescent Street, inhabited by the most accomplished assortment of linguists in the country and visited by citizens from all over creation, dropping in to broadcast to the folks back home. From Crescent Street their words are piped over telephone wires to a beaming station near Sackville, New Brunswick, which releases them into the upper ether for delivery to the thithermost parts of the earth.

What is not generally realized by Canadians, because it is difficult to know about programs you can't hear, is that this country has reached the top drawer in international broadcasting (at a cost of less than a dime a year per citizen), though we have only been in business a matter of three years. Rated by the correspondence evoked, the policy of telling the world about Canada has paid off. The Service got 20,000 letters in 1947. During the postwar period, Canadian shortwave broadcasts have stirred tremendous interest abroad in the possibilities of immigration, two-way trade and in all those international activities which may be called goodwill enterprises. In three months (September to November 1947), for example, there were 1,460 letters from Czechoslovakia alone—the only country behind the Iron Curtain being served directly during that period.

The reasons for this sudden eminence are twofold. First, our geographic position where the world bends up toward the Pole enables us to lay down the strongest and most dependable signal from the Americas to Europe, a signal so dependable that U.N. makes use of Canadian facilities, in preference to those available in the United States, for much of its broadcasting to that continent.

The second factor, revealed in innumerable letters from listeners abroad, is psychological and stems from Canada's status which, since it is not that of a great power, leads the audience to regard us as people with no propaganda axes to hone. The young gentlemen in the Montreal studios who design the programs and the foreign affairs experts in Ottawa, who keep a watchful eye on them, long since recognized the importance of this circumstance. As a result, Canada spends no time filling the air with ideological debate but holds to the single purpose of making its talk objective and informative.

Nobody tosses wisecrack comedy into the ears of Britain, Europe, the islands and continents of the world. Nobody prattles about the glories of the Canadian way of life to the detriment of anybody else's. The attempt is to portray Canada and Canadian life as it is, to make sense of the country to the listener in Belgrade or Birmingham. It can be a little thing like bringing a Dutch war bride to the mike to tell the folks back home about her new country or large

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CBC's Dilworth, left, with Alexander Brott who wrote special music for the world

These Canadian teen agers got together in a forum discussion. Britain heard them.

LITTLE PITCHER

A lady in distress, a thrilling race against death
in a flood and a different kind of hero
—in this story he gets rescued

By STEVE FRAZEE

MOM ALWAYS was saying that little pitchers had big ears. This time when she said it I took four cookies and went right into the front room to look at the little pitcher Uncle Waldo sent her for Christmas. First I went back to excuse myself when she made me and then I had to leave two of the cookies but I had three more in my pocket anyway.

I looked and looked at the little pitcher. There wasn't one ear on it. Not even on the old duck sitting on its pond and looking silly. The paint was thick and it stuck away from it. Mom said it wasn't but oil was the slippery black stuff they had in big barrels at the Flamingo Mill. Mom should have known the difference because one time I sat down in a whole bucket of that Flamingo stuff and she had to use coal oil to clean me.

There weren't any big ears on the little pitcher though I looked and looked. Finally I went back to the kitchen. Mom and Pop were still talking about how Doctor Bill's wife was seeing Jack Starrett all the time and what a bad thing it was and what should they do. Mostly it was my Mom who worried about something to do. My Pop always got mad and said the best thing was to shoot Jack Starrett and forget about it. I thought that was pretty good myself, but my Mom always said no, it was not.

I stopped by the door and said, "Mom, I looked at that little pitcher over the fireplace and there isn't even one ear on it and you said—"

My Pop tipped his chair against the wall and laughed and laughed and Mom did a little. When Pop quit making so much noise Mom said I had been looking at a picture, not a pitcher. She said go look at the little blue pit-cher in the kitchen and see what a big ear it had.

So I did. Sure enough the handle looked like an ear if you looked a long time and it was awful big for such a little pitcher. Then I wondered what that had to do with Doctor Bill and his pretty wife. So I just looked at the pitcher and listened.

"I know, I know," my Pop said. "Everybody but the Doc knows. She doesn't belong out here. She just isn't cut out for a mining camp. And if she runs off with Jack Starrett it might be a good thing for Bill."

"A good thing!" Mom sounded mad. "You know the way he worships Elizabeth and that baby. If she leaves him it'll ruin him."

I didn't want to see Doctor Bill ruined. That's what happened to three of the horses in Joe Hart's team when the ore wagon rolled off the grade and they had to shoot them. So I began to feel pretty bad about Doctor Bill because I liked him. He always talked to me and once Mugwump hurt his paw and I took him right over to Doctor Bill and he fixed it, even if he did say where he came from people would frown at such things. I thought it must be pretty bad where people frowned when a man fixed a little pup's hurt leg. But Mom said it wasn't because she came from there and she told me Doctor Bill was supposed to fix only people. She said not to take Mugwump to him any more but that she would get Doc Barlow from Chaffee City if Mugwump needed fixing because Doc Barlow was supposed to be for dogs and horses and mules and things.

I just kept looking at the little blue pit-cher and sometimes I moved my feet around a little because I know if I was too quiet Mom would come looking to see what I was doing and then I couldn't listen any more.

"He'll not stay here if Elizabeth leaves him," Mom said. "You know how people used to die up here before a doctor could get through those snow drifts from Chaffee City. There were at least four children he saved last winter."

"I know," Pop said. "He's a good man and everybody knows it—but if his wife wants to run away with Jack Starrett that's not my business. And it isn't yours either!"

"I think it is," Mom said and she sounded just like when she told me she was going to have to spank me for being bad. "Elizabeth is too fine to throw herself away."

"You and her are thick enough. Tell *her* that, not me. I can't help her."

"You don't seem to want to," Mom said.

"I told you I'd fire Jack Starrett!" Pop yelled. "Now wouldn't that be just dandy. Make a martyr of him and he and Elizabeth would leave on the next stage."

"She isn't the type for Bill if she runs out. This country's too rough for her." Pop grabbed his hat off the elkhorns and started for the door real fast.

"I wasn't the type either. Remember?" Mom said.

"You're different!" Pop yelled and he left real fast.

Mom wouldn't let me go with him because it was raining. It had been raining off and on for a million days and I couldn't play outside all that time.

IT WASN'T raining very hard now so I asked again if I could go out and play with Wump, but she said it was too wet and that after a while she would show me some more pictures of the big boats that pulled lumber and coal on the big river where she used to live. I wanted to build a boat myself. Down by Joe Keller's stable was a big thick door by the manure pile. It got kicked off the stable one day when old Doc Barlow was giving one of the horses something for bellyache.

Joe Keller said I could have it if I carried it over to the creek. But I couldn't budge the door, even if it was only a little way to the river.

After Mom washed the dishes she showed me pictures of the big boats on a river that was so wide you couldn't even see all the way across it. It was wider than the Lake. I thought it would be swell to have a boat on a river like that. Maybe if Pop gave me one of the boilers from the Black Tiger Mine and I could get old Hank Saunders to haul it over and put it on the door I'd have a real steam boat. Then if I got the whistle off the Flamingo Mill . . . and the cannon from the park in Chaffee City . . .

It was a lot of fun to think about my boat steaming up and down the creek with my whistle scaring horses and Old Lady Hewitt. All the kids would be with me and we wouldn't land the boat until we got good and ready.

Just when I had decided to name my boat the Stinkpot Limited, Elizabeth came to our house. She had her little baby all wrapped up and under part of her blue raincoat. She looked kind of funny and I thought she was going to bawl but she didn't. She and Mom just looked at each other.

"So it's finally come," Mom said.

Elizabeth nodded her head and her eyes were sort of big and scary like the way the horses' eyes looked once on the Flamingo grade when old Slick Johnson's rough locks busted and the teams acted like they knew that heavy wagon was going to go so fast they'd go off the road and get hurt. And they did.

"When?" Mom asked.

"In about an hour. Jack's coming by here and we're going to meet Hank Saunders down by the pump and go to Chaffee City with him. Jack says he can get a superintendent's job in Arizona."

"And the baby?" Mom said and she sounded awful tired.

"You said you'd keep her till—"

"I did and I shall," Mom said. "Elizabeth, I'll say for the last time I think you're making a mistake."

"I'm going."

"Then I'll say no more." When Mom said that she really meant it. Then I got to thinking I would make my boat into a pirate ship and take all the gold they made out of rock at the Flamingo Mill and steam to Chaffee City and buy my crew ice cream until we got tired of it. Only we wouldn't.

They put the baby in my sister's bed. My sister was visiting Aunt Mame and Uncle John in Chaffee City. She was always doing that in the summer and I had to stay home. I went over to the window and saw it had stopped raining. Mom and Elizabeth were talking in the bedroom and the baby was laughing and gooing. Pretty soon Mom came out and told me I could go play with Jimmie Belden but not to go near the river. Just as I was ready to go Elizabeth grabbed me and kissed me before I could do anything. I didn't like it, even if she did smell pretty nice.

Mugwump was awful glad to see me. He tripped me on the way downhill and I got good and muddy right away. Jimmie Belden couldn't come out and I didn't want to play inside like his Mom asked me. I didn't want to go over to the Black Tiger either because my Pop would watch me pretty close and wouldn't let me have any fun like climbing down into the big ore bins. Then I thought I'd go see Doctor Bill and tell him about Elizabeth and Jack Starrett and how they were going to run away.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. A. WINTER

I didn't like Jack Starrett. He cursed at me once when I shot him in the back of the head with an arrow after the first time I heard Pop say he ought to be shot. I would have told him that only he didn't catch me. Another time he called me a dirty little brat because I wouldn't go away when he and Elizabeth were talking by the little table in the trees behind Doctor Bill's house. Doctor Bill was up at the Lake taking a bullet out of Gus Olson that day. He showed me the bullet, too. No sir, I didn't like Jack Starrett even if he was the night shift boss at the Black Tiger.

Doctor Bill wasn't anywhere around, so I looked at the insides of a man in a big book on one of the shelves. They were in lots of pretty colors and a lot better than the old duck in the picture. Pretty soon I went to the front door again and looked down the street.

I saw old Hank Saunders's wagon down by McGregor's saloon. For a while I thought I'd go down there but I couldn't go inside even to put a nickel in one of the machines except when I sneaked in and one of the miners lifted me up to the little holes where you put the nickel in. But I didn't have a nickel and besides there wasn't much of a crowd in the daytime so I could get in without old McGregor seeing me. There sure were a lot of things that people wouldn't let a guy do if they caught him.

I wanted to see old Hank though, because he'd been a cowboy hundreds of years before and still had a rope and a lot of stuff in his wagon and he carried a big gun on a belt with a whole lot of bullets. He even gave me a bullet one day but he took it back just because I pounded it with a rock to make it go off. He told me about fighting bad men and lions and Indians. He was awful old now and sort of crippled from being shot so much and from getting bucked off horses and wrestling with lions and tigers.

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HOCKEY'S MERRY GODMOTHER

Mrs. Hilda Donati, who once let a referee have it right on the snoot, runs Canada's queerest hockey league

Hilda Donati boss of 300 Peewees.

By ROYD E. BEAMISH

WHAT must be Canada's most unusual hockey league flourishes on the frigid open-air rinks of Port Arthur, Ont. It's Hilda's Hockey League, conceived, created and operated by Hilda Donati and manned by 300 pint-sized scrappers in the peewee class.

Each of the 20 teams in the league is sponsored, organized and managed by Hilda Donati. And until last year every boy on those 20 teams was personally selected, assigned to a team and outfitted by the same Hilda. This year other sports-loving men and women have taken over part of her load but Hilda's cheery personality still dominates the league.

A bright-eyed, plump, motherly young woman of 37 who has been mad about hockey since she was a schoolgirl in Oak Lake, Man., Hilda is the mildest, most easy-going, most feminine person imaginable. But in Port Arthur, a city of rabid hockey fans, she is regarded as the most rabid of them all. That's nothing, she says; 20 years ago she "really got excited" at hockey games. Her contemporaries pale at the thought.

They remember the night a couple of years ago at a junior game when Hilda took exception to what she considered Referee Archie Bell's partiality to the visiting team. At the end of the first period she intercepted the referee on his way to the dressing room and climaxed a vigorous dressing down by hustling him right on the beezer. Then she went back to her seat and cheered herself hoarse for the home team, completely oblivious to the stir she had created.

Later, when they told her what she had done, she was at first incredulous, then remorseful. She apologized profusely to Archie Bell.

Since coming to the Lakehead from Manitoba in 1930 Hilda has missed scarcely a single junior or senior hockey game involving a Port Arthur team. Since 1936 she has been a member of the executive of the Port Arthur West End Junior team and the only reason they didn't win 11 Memorial Cups—or even one—was that the players couldn't quite match Hilda's drive and determination.

Whether it wins this year or not, one sure thing in this uncertain world is that Hilda Donati will be occupying her box seat, right next the players' box, bouncing around like a girl on a Pogo stick and screaming for goals, blood, the referee's head or anything that will produce a victory. As soon as the game is over she will be her own quiet, amiable self, slightly surprised at the commotion she caused.

This is not to say that Hilda Donati is completely devoid of showmanship. When she was invited to Toronto in

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Hilda with some of her puckchasers. In her league everybody plays.

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I knew old Hank would be in McGregor's a long time, though, so then I thought maybe Doctor Bill might be out by the little table and chairs in the trees. Sometimes he and Elizabeth ate their dinner there.

Sure enough he was there.

HE WASN'T doing anything but sitting and he looked awful still. He looked like the time he came out of Belden's house after the horses ran over little Mike Belden.

He said hello to me and Wump and he didn't even smile. First I started to tell him about my boat and then I remembered about Elizabeth and Jack Starrett and I told him about that. I told him Elizabeth was going to give the baby to my Mom but that Mom would let him have it back, even if I did like baby girls better than my sister. Baby girls couldn't hit as hard as my sister when they got mad. All they could do was get red in the face and cry.

"I know, Buddy," he said. "But thank you very much for telling me anyway."

He was still sad, so I thought maybe if I told him more about my steamboat he would be happy. I promised him the very first ride with me. He thanked me again but he still wasn't very happy. Then I told him I knew where my Mom hid Pop's gun and that I would get it for him and we could go shoot Jack Starrett just as soon as the whistle blew at the Black Tiger.

He smiled just a little. "You certainly are a true son of the West, Buddy," he said.

That didn't make much sense to me.

Then I saw Pop coming across the little bridge from the Black Tiger so I ran over to meet him. We went back to the little table. Doctor Bill still just sat there.

My Pop cleared his throat. "Creek's awful high and still rising," he said.

"Yes, I noticed that," Doctor Bill said, but he didn't seem to care.

"We'd better let that fishing trip to the Lake slide until a week from this Sunday," Pop said.

"I suppose so," Doctor Bill said.

Pop didn't say any more for a long time. He just stood real still looking at Doctor Bill.

"Jack Starrett drew his time this morning. He's over in McGregor's right now. He's ready to leave."

"Don't strain so, Dave," Doctor Bill said. "I've known everything for a long time."

Pop seemed surprised. He didn't say anything, but he looked at me like I'd been putting rocks in his sacks of ore samples again.

"No," Doctor Bill said, "though Buddy *was* kind enough to tell me what the entire camp thought it was concerning."

Wump jumped up and pawed at Pop's legs but Pop didn't see him. "I was just going over to McGregor's for a drink." Pop took a nice black gun from his pocket and laid it on the table. "But I won't need this just to get a drink."

I reached for the gun and got my hand back just before Pop whacked at my fingers. You had to be pretty fast around Pop.

"I won't need it either," Doctor Bill said. "Nothing unfair about it. *He's* got one."

"Suppose I did succeed—which is very unlikely—that still wouldn't settle the problem. It lies with Betty herself."

"Great Scott, Bill! He bragged about taking her with him!" Pop said.

"Maybe she'll come back someday. . . ."

"Better if she doesn't go at all," Pop said. "Why don't you stop her?"

Doctor Bill shook his head.

After a while Pop picked up the gun and put it back in his pocket. "I'm sorry, Bill."

"Thanks, Dave."

Pop took my hand and we started back toward the little bridge. "I thought you were going to McGregor's," I said.

Pop didn't say anything. He put me under one arm and Wump under the other and carried us across the bridge.

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Treads are wider for extra stability and easier handling. Front and rear axles are stronger.

The front axle is moved back and the engine moved forward for better weight-distribution.

Braking area has been increased approximately 20%. These larger, improved brakes give you extra safety.

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Your Chrysler-Plymouth-Fargo Dealer will show you *more than 50* NEW Chrysler engineered features that make these great, new FARGO trucks the biggest value on the market to-day.

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Said Mrs B to Mrs A
"My but I'm tired what a day!"
Said Mrs A to Mrs B
"Try this cup of Tender Leaf Tea"
Said Mrs B to Mrs A,
"Quick Comfort in that cup, I'll say!"

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The world looks brighter from behind a steaming cup of this finer tea. Famous for flavor—and the name, 'Tender Leaf', tells you why. It's the young, tender leaves that are richest in tea flavor. At your grocer's, in convenient size packages . . . and in "filter type" tea balls . . no specks; every cup crystal clear.

Little Pitcher

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I could see the water was bouncing over the logs a little.

"Is Doctor Bill scared of Jack Starrett?" I asked.

"No! He's twice as brave as Starrett," Pop sounded mad. Then he looked at the sky and said, "You get home before the rain starts again."

He went up the Black Tiger dump real fast and Wump and I started home. When I came to the log bridge near the livery stable I remembered my boat and thought I'd better go and look at it. It began to rain pretty hard before I got there. Somebody had pushed the door a little ways from the manure pile and it was floating in the water that had come up from the creek almost to the stable doorway. I got on the boat and it just floating but I thought maybe I could shove it to the creek and go all the way to Chaffee City and see my Aunt Mamie and Uncle John and my sister.

Wump started to bark and got hold of my pants leg and didn't want me to get on the door. I got an old busted shovel out of Joe Keller's stable and got back on the boat and pushed with the shovel and the boat moved a little. Wump got awful excited but I kept shoving and pretty soon the boat went a little better and soon I was really floating on the creek.

I let out a big yell at Wump so he could see me go. He barked and ran along the bank and kept acting like he was going to jump in the water. It was pretty swell on the boat and I didn't even need a boiler to make it go. Pretty soon the muddy water came up through the cracks and the boat began to bounce a little. After the river got past the little level place by Joe Keller's pigpen it began to go faster and faster and sometimes it whirled clear around. I got hold of a long iron thing that used to hold the lock and hung on.

The water got awful bouncy and began to splash all over me and I got some in my mouth just as I was going to yell at Wump. It choked me for a while and tasted bad. Then my boat began to go faster and the river was roaring a lot. Sometimes my boat bumped on things and jumped around and once one end went clear under water and lifted me way up in the air when we hit a log. I hung tight to my piece of iron and began to get scared. The water was dirty looking and had a lot of funny stuff on top that tossed and went into the air. There were chips from the timber yard below the Black Tiger and wooden orange boxes and branches and even whole trees.

PRETTY soon I began to wish I hadn't got on the door. I yelled for Pop but I guess he couldn't hear me because the river was making such a noise. Wump heard me because he was running as hard as he could along the bank jumping over logs and climbing rocks and going through willows and brush. Once I came close to the bank and the door swung around slow for a minute and I was going to get off, but just as I started to get up the creek gave the door a big push and it went spinning along hitting on things and jumping up and down so much I was half under water some of the time. I didn't like it at all.

Then I remembered there were some big falls down in the canyon and that wasn't very far. I began to wonder if my door would go over them very good and I was afraid it couldn't. Then I yelled for Mom.

I stopped yelling when the door quit bouncing so much, but it was still going awful fast. Right ahead I saw a place where the creek made two rivers around a little piece of land in the middle. My door went smack against the little piece of land and slowed down for a minute and I jumped off and waded over to a little tree. There were some other little trees and two stumps. The river was running pretty fast and awful cold against my legs so I climbed on one stump and sat down and held on to the little tree that was shaking like it was scared too. But I bet it wasn't as scared as me.

My door went past me and on down the river. Then I saw the little bridge that was a short cut from our house to the pump and the railroad station. The water was splashing over the little bridge and when my door hit there the boards stood on end for a while and then went under and I was glad I wasn't on it.

It was cold and raining hard. It began to rain so hard it made the river hiss like Joe Keller's geese. For a while I couldn't see the bridge because of the rain. Pretty soon I had to stand up on the stump because the water was getting over my feet. The little tree began to shake harder then. Wump was across one of the little rivers and he was barking and putting his front feet in the water. I was afraid he'd get in the water and be pulled under. The way the muddy old stuff went past on both sides of me was scary. It began to get over my shoes, even when I was standing on the stump, and the little tree began to lean away from me farther and farther. I looked behind me at the other stump and it was out of the water a lot more than mine, but it seemed like a long way off.

It wasn't very far from where I was to where Wump was in the big patch of ferns across the creek but the water was going very fast and I could hear rocks rolling in the bottom of the river. The water began to get up toward my knees and things bumped against my legs and once a slab almost pushed me off the stump. My legs were shaking and I was crying a little I guess.

Then I saw a man and woman running through the trees toward Wump. He was still barking as loud as he could and whining sometimes. I thought it must be Mom and Pop so I began to yell as loud as I could. Then I saw it was Elizabeth and Jack Starrett. Wump jumped all over Elizabeth.

"Buddy! Buddy! Don't cry. We'll get you off there in a minute!" Elizabeth yelled. "Won't we, Jack?" She was talking to him but she kept looking at me and the river.

"I don't know how," he said.

"We'll get you, Buddy. Don't worry!" she yelled.

Jack Starrett used some bad words. Then he said, "A man couldn't get through that water. It would carry a horse off its feet. Listen to those boulders grinding in the bottom." He picked up a big rock and tossed it. "Look!" The rock hit between me and the bank and the river swirled it away real fast.

"Hang on tight, Buddy. We'll get you!" Elizabeth yelled again.

I wished she'd hurry because my legs were shaking worse than the little tree and the water was coming up farther all the time.

Jack Starrett knocked over a dead tree and threw it in the creek. I guess he was trying to make a bridge, but the water took the tree away in a hurry. He pulled over another dead one and threw it and it almost hit me.

"You fool! Do you want to knock him away from that tree?" Elizabeth yelled.

"Maybe if he let the water carry him down to the bridge I could grab him from there."

Continued on page 28

Now it's EVEREADY

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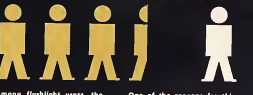

Among *flashlight users,* the preference for "Eveready" Flashlight Batteries over all other brands combined is 3½ to 1. (Proved in recent national survey.)

One of the reasons for this outstanding popularity is the longer life of the NEW "Eveready" Flashlight Battery *-the battery that outlasts any other brand.*

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TORONTO, CANADA

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Wherever you go, whatever the time, you'll enjoy the cool thrill of Canada Dry—the drink that Canada's famous for. It's delicious, refreshing, thirst quenching. Have one whenever you're thirsty.

LOOK FOR CANADA DRY IN THE COOLER

Continued from page 26

Elizabeth said something I couldn't hear, and then she yelled at me, "Hang on, Buddy. Don't let go!"

I wouldn't let go even if the little tree was leaning over so far only my toes were on the edge of the stump.

"Go and get Hank Saunders. Quick!" Elizabeth said to Jack Starrett. "Have him bring his rope." He didn't start very fast. Elizabeth yelled at him again. "Run—run!"

Jack Starrett ran across the bridge.

ELIZABETH kept talking to me and petting Wump, but he was still whining. She asked me what I was standing on and how I got there and what would my Mom say when I came home all wet. She asked me how old I was and what were we going to have for supper and didn't I think Wump was a fine pup and a whole lot of things. I quit crying but the water was awful cold and the little tree was nearly falling down.

Then old Hank Saunders and Jack Starrett came running. Hank coiled his rope and threw it across the creek and I saw over my shoulder that he was trying to lasso the stump behind me. There was just a little of it sticking out of water and he didn't catch it. But he pulled the rope back and grinned at me and the next time he caught the stump. Then he pulled hard on his rope and leaned way back and Elizabeth helped him. He tied his end to a tree and cut a piece off what was left.

He gave the piece to Jack Starrett and said, "Tie it to the stump when you get over so you can use it to go down and get him."

Jack Starrett just held the rope like he didn't want it. "I can't swim a lick, Hank," he said. "And I weigh so much I might pull that stump loose hauling myself across on that rope. Can't we figure some other way to—"

Old Hank called him a yellow something that caused me to get my mouth washed out with soap and water. "Get down to the bridge there!" old Hank yelled, and he grabbed the cut piece of rope from him.

Old Hank took off his gun belt and pulled his hat down real tight on his head and started to tie the short rope around his chest. "I can't swim a lick neither."

He was having trouble tying the rope around him because one of his arms was sort of crippled and didn't work very well. Elizabeth took off her blue raincoat and grabbed the rope from old Hank.

"I'll go," she said. "You got so much lead in you you'd sink before you got started."

Elizabeth tied the rope around her neck and waded out into the river holding on to the loose. She didn't wade far because her feet were floating downstream and her hair came down and was floating behind her, but she kept pulling herself along old Hank's loose end once she even said to me, "Steady, Buddy."

She got to me all right and the water was up to her waist when she stood up behind the stump. I thought she was going to fall down when she was tying the rope to the stump but she leaned way over and tied it. Then she came down to me holding the rope and she grabbed me just before the little tree fell over and floated off. Old Hank was yelling, "Good girl!" over and over and Wump was barking.

"Can you hold on tight? Sure you can, can't you?" she asked me.

I was holding tight all right. She pulled us along the short rope back to the stump. Then she leaned over and tried to untie the rope but she staggered a whole lot and almost fell. Old Hank yelled for her to hurry and she yelled back that she wanted the short rope to tie me on her back. Old Hank yelled that I'd have to hang on because there was a whole mess of big trees coming down the river and they might come our way and bust the rope. She looked and so did I and there was a great big tree with its roots sticking out of water and it was coming right at us.

"Hold tight as you can, Buddy. Here we go!" she said.

Elizabeth was under water part of the time and sometimes both of us were but she kept pulling along the rope and pretty soon old Hank grabbed us and dragged us up the bank and yelled, "There goes the rope!"

Wump jumped right in the middle of me and licked my face and barked.

Jack Starrett came running and started to help Elizabeth up but old Hank got in between him and her and helped her get up. She was breathing real fast and she felt her throat.

"Shame on you, Buddy, for trying to choke a lady," Hank said, and he grinned and picked me up. "Wow! you're cold!" he said.

"I'll take him right home," Elizabeth said. "Hank, will you bring my things back to the house?"

"I sure will!" Hank said.

"I suppose you will have to change clothes before we start out again," Jack Starrett said. He started to take hold of Elizabeth but she looked at him for a minute and didn't say anything. He didn't look very funny either, but all at once she laughed at him. Then he looked mad and asked what was so funny. She told him he had a trip planned and he'd better get started, but she wasn't going then or ever.

Jack Starrett got real mad and cursed and started to grab her arm but old Hank pushed him with his shoulder and said, "You heard the lady, Starrett. Start to git!"

"You're not looking for trouble, old man, are you?" Jack Starrett asked.

Old Hank had his gun belt on and he sort of hitched it up and stepped back a ways and smiled. It wasn't a happy smile and his mustache didn't move at all the way it usually did when he talked. "Nothing would suit me better, Starrett," he said in sort of a whisper that scared me.

THE EXPIRATION NOTICE

The notification from Maclean's Magazine of the approaching expiration of your subscription is sent out well in advance. This is so that there will be no need for your being disappointed by the missing of a single issue.

The demand for copies to fill new orders is so great that, despite our constantly increased printing, we still cannot have any copies left for mailing to subscribers who are even one issue in arrears.

Subscribers receiving the "expiration notice" are reminded of the importance of sending in their renewal orders promptly.

Jack Starrett walked away across the bridge and old Hank said, "The Doc sure will be proud of you and me an' [illegible]!"

Mom was real surprised when Elizabeth brought me home. Elizabeth ran right into my sister's bedroom and this time she was laughing and the baby was crying and I was wondering whether it would be Mom or Pop who spanked me for getting in the river.

Mom told me to get in the kitchen and take off my wet things. I was doing that when I saw Elizabeth start for home. She had the baby wrapped up in Mom's raincoat and she looked pretty happy even if she was awful wet and the baby was yelling its head off.

After I had a bath and quit shaking and drank hot lemonade and old medicine and stuff Mom sent me to bed. I didn't really care though 'cause I had to figure out where to get another boat. ★

Cross Country

Continued from page 14

QUEBEC

When Montrealers heard what a mess New York got into with a mere 25.8 inches of snow they stopped grousing about their own streets for a moment and admitted things perhaps weren't so bad. Last winter, admittedly a heavy one, Montreal coped with 138 inches of snow—11½ feet of the stuff—on its 600 miles of streets and 900 miles of sidewalks. It cost the city $2,700,000 to get rid of it in trunk sewers, old quarries and the harbor.

Mechanization is Montreal's secret. It has 28 blowers which can each chew up 10 tons of snow a minute, four snow loaders, 128 hydraulic street plows and 95 tractors for clearing sidewalks. In the old days a big storm used to bring out an army of 10,000 snow shovelers—today it's usually handled by 1,000 men, sometimes 1,500 if it's really a bad one. The works department's own weather bureau watches for approaching storms and calls out the reserves before the first flake has fallen.

• • •

North Voyageur, a staunch little coastal steamer which each summer plies the lonely north shore of the St. Lawrence below Quebec City, will next month become, so far as is known, the first sealer of Canadian registry. Most of the 15 to 20 Atlantic sealers operate out of Newfoundland.

North Voyageur is being refitted at Halifax. When she races to the sealing grounds March 5 her normal crew of 25 will be augmented by 150 extra seamen including expert whalers. Sealing done, she'll return to her river trading in the spring.

ONTARIO

Armed with an underworld tip and an army mine detector, Toronto detectives descended on a snow-covered field just outside the city and located and dug up three metal boxes. When they opened them they found them stuffed with more than $150,000 in bank cash and jewelry—the largest cache of bank holdup loot ever found in Canada.

To prove it was no accident, detectives went out next morning and located another $81,750 of the loot in a dilapidated house in the west end. With the $226,500 recovered from another bank robbery last May the total has now reached $450,000. The detectives said they expected to find more loot shortly.

• • •

Six Nations Indians from the Oshwegen Reserve near Brantford are on the warpath through the courts. They want the Government to pay them $1,189,000 but they'll settle for 50,000 acres of land including parts of the City of Brantford.

The Indians contend that the lands they were deeded for remaining loyal to King George III during the American Revolution were later taken from them or flooded during the construction of the Welland and Grand River canals. In the Exchequer Court the Department of Justice argued that the claim was outlawed; that if it wasn't it was the British Government's affair anyway; that there is no proof that the claimants are the descendants of the Indians to whom the land was deeded, if indeed it was deeded.

The case gives promise of lasting for years.

THE PRAIRIES

Soon after Premier T. C. Douglas announced Saskatchewan's intention of getting into the pulp-and-paper business it became known that negotiations were going on in Edmonton for construction of a $14 million pulp-and-paper mill in or near that city. N. E. Tanner, Alberta Minister of Lands and Mines, confirmed that provincial and city officials had been talking with R. O. Sweezy, Montreal financier representing British and American capital.

The promoters are interested in spruce and jack pine from Crown lands. They are also attracted by Edmonton's large supply of natural gas. A favored site for the mill is just east of the city in the area where Imperial Oil is building a refinery and lubricating oil plant to cost about $15 millions.

• • •

Figures finally collected for the 650 combine outfits that crossed the border from Saskatchewan and helped harvest American crops last summer show they brought home almost three and a half million American dollars. The migratory combines worked as far south as Texas and reaped their way north through eight states to Saskatchewan in time for the home harvest.

Two thousand workers took part in the expeditions, the largest number since the international agreement for the exchange of machines and farm labor was signed in 1942.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver's houseboat colony at the foot of Cardero Street (see "Sea-borne Shantytown," Maclean's, Nov. 15) has been evicted. The floating householders, who enjoyed city water and electrical supply without the nuisance of paying taxes, have been told to sail away—the area is to be filled in. "They are threatening to fill right over our house, wardpath and all, unless we go," one of them complained.

Trouble is, they can't find another snug harbor. An earlier offer of berthing space from the National Harbors Board was rejected by a delegation from the colony—it was too far from the city and jobs.

Angelo Sereno, unofficial mayor of houseboat town, is among those evicted. "I'm sure I don't know what we can do," he said. "Maybe the city jail wouldn't be too bad at that."

• • •

The mobile unit of the Red Cross blood transfusion service was collecting pints at HMCS Naden, the naval station at Esquimalt. Among the seamen who gave a donation was Ordinary Telegrapher Edward Dauphinais from Montreal. He got his coffee and cookie and went about his duties. That was about 10 a.m.

About 11.30 Ordinary Telegrapher R. Dauphinais presented himself. He bore a striking resemblance to O/T E. Dauphinais. "I've got a twin brother's just been through," he explained.

He offered his left arm to the needle. "Been boxing and hurt my right arm," he said. They took the pint, sent him off to the restroom for coffee and cookie. Said the horrified worker there: "But this boy's been here before!" She was right. There was quite a fuss. Doctor and Navy brass rushed to the scene. This must not happen again!

Eddie explained his deception. His older brother, a veteran, survived a war wound because of transfusions of Red Cross blood. When he got home he made a resolution to give six pints a year to the Red Cross and got Eddie to promise to do the same.

Trouble was, said Eddie, the Red Cross was prepared to take only three. The promise had been six. Hence the double shot. ★

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S.O.S
Magic Scouring Pads

With S.O.S – here's all you do —

JUST DIP the edge of the magic scouring pad in water. Instantly it's ready to go to work. Saves time and effort at the kitchen sink.

THEN RUB spots where food sticks—briefly, briskly. The pan shines. And no other cleanser's needed because the soap's right in the pad!

THEN RINSE — Easy? Quick? Yes—and a shiny pan so long lived. Scores of other uses, too—cleans "Pyrex," rusted tools, auto bumpers, etc.

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Start the meal the V-8 way!

Enjoy the juices of these 8 garden-fresh vegetables

Every glass of V-8* you get the bracing, zesty goodness of juices from a whole garden of fresh vegetables.

V-8's inspired combination of flavors makes it the perfect start for every meal. It's especially delightful for breakfast!

Enjoy a big glassful of V-8 with a sandwich for lunch and as a late snack, too! Get a tin from your grocer. See how V-8's inimitable flavor makes all other foods taste better!

*V-8 is a trade mark owned in Canada by Standard Brands Limited

The CBC's Tower of Babel

Continued from page 21

enterprises such as the recent commissioning of composer conductor Alexander Brott to write and produce a Canadian symphonic suite "From Sea To Sea." (It had its world premier on the domestic, Mexican and Caribbean air on Nov. 26 as part of a salute to UNESCO, then meeting in Mexico City.)

The job of telling the world about Canada is done without censorship, but every item launched into the air, in no matter what language, must make sense and fit the rules of good taste in the country where it is going. A young woman named Sally Solomon in the Montreal studios rides herd on all this wordage, looking solely for phrases which might be unintelligible or offensive to listeners on the other side of the ionosphere.

To cull one working day which could be called average from the record (Nov. 14, 1947): listeners in the United Kingdom heard a report on farming conditions in the West, a dramatized description of the St. Lawrence Waterway, a discussion of the problems of inflation, a talk about the 68th Annual Canadian Art Exhibition, another on pool elevators in Saskatchewan and a report on labor conditions in the Dominion. Comparable programs were beamed to France.

Grizzly Bears and Autumn

Czechoslovakia heard an actuality broadcast on the building of a Bailey Bridge at Brown Lake and an interview with the general supervisor of Radio Prague from Flushing Meadow. The Dutch were told about a strange North American game called water polo and heard a report on the labor picture. News of Norwegian settlers on the Pacific coast and the prairies was beamed back to Norway. Sweden got a talk about new films, a translation of "Canadian Commentary," a program which discusses all manner of aspects of Canadian life, and another on Canadian government methods.

The Latin American countries were treated to a chat on the habits of grizzly bears and the program known as "Canadian Chronicle" divided into three talks which concerned themselves with autumn in Canada, a woman's impressions of the United Nations and chit-chat about the personnel who do Canada's Spanish language broadcasts. The Caribbean heard programs which ran the gamut from the Canadian Art Exhibition to the labor conditions survey. A discussion of the functions of UNESCO, a talk on the European Aid session of Congress and a word picture of McGill University went to Germany. In addition, facilities were placed at U.N.'s disposal for an hour and a half, as they are every day, for direct broadcasts from New York to Europe.

The International Service employs 151 persons, 90 of them English speaking, 42 French-speaking and 19 who come under the heading "other languages."

From 6.45 a.m. until 7 in the evening every day in the week the Montreal studios are agog with people talking in a multitude of tongues. At the beginning of the eastern Canadian business day, as Britain is finishing its leisurely lunch, the air begins to be filled with news roundups, commentaries from the U.N., music and song.

As the day wears on, an eminent visiting Dane will drop in to talk to Copenhagen. Emigrés may send messages home to Czechoslovakia where our listening audience vies with Holland's for top ranking in the "foreign language" group. Norway, Sweden, Germany all come in for their cut of the day's talk.

As evening falls and the Europeans head out for dinner, the Latin-American staff takes over, perhaps to direct a group of West Indian students at McGill in a round table discussion on life north of the 45th parallel for the benefit of Caribbean ears or to do any one of a number of things designed to inform people in a rapidly developing Canadian trading area about Canada and its ways.

On Sundays special broadcasts swing out across the world in the New Zealand-Australia service, a recent addition. In the near future programs in English and Afrikaans are projected for South Africa, whence a Canadian trade mission returned late in November. Direct service to Russia is contemplated as the next step.

The United Nations have been guests of Canada's International Service since the fall of 1946, using the beaming facilities for an hour and a half daily, with occasional extra periods, as their primary European outlet because of the clarity and strength of the Sackville signal. Like Canada in its own service, U.N. is not in the propaganda business in its broadcasts, but simply places time at the disposal of accredited correspondents in rotation to broadcast to their own countries. The talks are uncensored. The limits imposed by U.N., through the chief of its radio division, Canadian and former C.B.C. executive Peter Aylen, are simply those of fair comment on the proceedings of U.N. itself. Down to now Aylen reports that everybody concerned has played ball. The outlet is in too great demand by people from Moscow to Paris to Cairo and Tel Aviv for any country's representative to risk being brushed off for misbehavior when his next turn at the mike comes around. For this service Canada makes no charge. The facilities are available. Help yourselves. Ottawa takes the view that this is a Canadian contribution to world mindedness, supplied at the negligible cost of only part of a penny out of the citizen's annual dime.

Ivory Tower Types

Canada entered the field of world broadcasting the hard way—with an assist from World War II. Back in the middle 1930's, when everybody else was getting into the business of trans-border communications, C.B.C. executives courted duodenal ulcers at sessions of parliament, trying to convince M.P.'s that if the foreign air carried news and interesting information about Canada, people in faraway places would tend to buy Canadian goods. Mostly the parliamentarians looked at the broadcasters as if they were slightly teched. Ivory tower types. Not realistic.

Hence when war came in 1939 it caught Canada with its antennae down. Fortunately, however, Canadian representatives had attended the world telecommunications conferences in Madrid and Cairo during the late 1930's and had contrived to have wave lengths reserved to Canada. The war pointed up our behind-handedness. To reach our troops overseas with broadcasts from home it was necessary to borrow facilities from the British and set up cumbersome machinery for lugging records across the ocean to the places where the microphones were. To get into the propaganda trade to enemy countries we could only dish programs, carry them out of the country and launch them into the enemy air from Britain and, later, from the U.S.A. The business was a constant headache. Finally, when we discovered that other nations were matching our allotted wave lengths and that we had almost stalled ourselves out of the world air for keeps, Ottawa acted. That was 1942.

While they had been waiting, however, the experts from the C.B.C.'s architectural and engineering departments had selected a site for their transmitters in the Tantramar Marshes three miles east of Sackville, N.B. The choice was made for reasons both scientific and economic after close study of the whole Maritime area. Although being on the world's northern bend gives us major sending advantages, the proximity of large areas of Canada to the Magnetic Pole and the disturbances it creates present tricky problems.

The first prerequisite, therefore, was to get away from the disturbed area, and Sackville is just about the closest place on the perimeter to Montreal, the most easterly centre in which programs could be assembled. Moreover, Sackville's salt-soaked tidal marshes provide ground conductivity unrivalled in Canada. As for economic advantages, C.B.C.'s 50,000 watt Maritime outlet in the domestic service had already been established in the New Brunswick college town. Hence savings in personnel and equipment could be effected by setting up a dual purpose organization.

By 1942 construction gangs were tearing into the marshes to lay the foundations (16 feet of reinforced concrete) for the three huge curtains of antennae that carry Canada's voice to the world. Each faces a part of the globe not caught by the others and is workable in either direction.

The largest of these curtains is the European system which, in reverse position, serves Mexico, Central and South America. This curtain is 1,220 feet wide. Its frame is four gaunt skeletons of steel (the largest almost 40 stories tall) which stand in line and are laced with a forest of wires. Under each tower is a "dog house" on stilts from which the antennae systems can be controlled. This huge curtain is equipped with counterweights of 57,000 pounds which can hold it in position against 120-mile gales and icing up to half an inch in thickness on each individual wire.

Nothing Seems to Happen

The other two antennae systems are smaller. One is aimed at Africa, with Australia and New Zealand on the reverse side, the other at South America with huge chunks of Asia and parts of Australia on reverse. Thus the Sackville antennae cover the earth except for the Philippines, China and parts of Borneo.

The entire tangle is hooked to two standard short-wave transmitters in a building as spacious as an empty hockey rink and as antiseptic as a hospital. There is an elaborate system of reinforcements in every wall, with copper straps leading into the ground at every 10 feet in order to nullify the strong radio frequency field which would otherwise turn heat pipes, wiring, steel beams and other conductors white hot.

The striking thing about this building is that nothing seems to be happening in it. There is none of the bubble of the Montreal studios. Nobody is rushing around pulling levers or shouting orders. There is an operator at a control panel and close by stand the tremendous silent instruments encased in their protective fencing. Not much else.

What actually happens goes unseen. The programs pour off the phone wires from Montreal through the control panel and are then simply tuned into the two transmitters which move them out to the antennae system for which the specific program has been designed. The two transmitters are used simultaneously on different wave lengths so that if a program cannot be heard well on one, chances are it will be on the other.

When a program hits its antennae it is aimed as a beam, 35 degrees wide, up into the ionosphere, a gaseous region 30 to 250 miles above the earth. The ionosphere bounces the radio waves back to the ocean which promptly sends them skyward again. On the second bounce they land in the U.K. or France, on the third bounce in Moscow. The beams can also be "slewed," which means they can be aimed at specific areas it is desired to reach with the strongest signal.

The first time the transmitters went into action was Christmas Day, 1944. Within a few hours a cable came from the BBC listening post in England saying laconically, "Strongest signal from your side of the ocean." From then to now every country reached by the Canadian service has reported that our voice comes in stronger and more dependably than anybody else's in this hemisphere.

From inception of the service until the end of hostilities, two primary targets were always in the sights: the Canadian man and woman in uniform, wherever they happened to be; Germany, Italy and the occupied countries of Europe.

The Canadian emigré-in-uniform was kept posted on home affairs, with news of the nation, the province, the town, of sports and politics—what could be called the feel of Canada, through day by day round ups on the state of the homeland.

Whites and Greys

The second operation involved an entirely different approach. When our only way of hitting the enemy by radio had been through British and American facilities, a staff had been assembled by Wartime Information Board in Ottawa to handle the dished propaganda broadcasts. The people who did this work were anti-Nazi German expatriates and former nationals of occupied countries, all of whom after careful screening became Canadian citizens. On inauguration of our own service all these people moved from W.I.B. to Crescent Street and live broadcasts replaced the disks of pre-Sackville days. But while our work won high praise from our allies and partners, Canada still had no means of knowing what sort of listening audience it had acquired, other than in the ranks of its own armed forces. On the answers to this question, to be obtained during the early postwar period, would probably depend the permanent existence of the Service.

The period immediately after VE-Day provided the first yardsticks. Peace found Canada with 32,000 war prisoners on its hands, many of them in what psychologists called "white" and "grey" political groupings and available for use as radio de-Nazification agents. Even the "blacks" wanted to send messages home. Using these people on the air gave the radiomen their first clue to the nature of our reception in Middle Europe, for the responses drawn indicated a large invisible audience in the wreckage of Hitler's Reich.

Soon an even better measuring device was found, no less important because it

Party favorite!

THIS SALAD-SANDWICH LOAF

"FROSTED" WITH THE CREAM CHEESE — THAT'S *Guaranteed Fresh!*

Smart food buyers — be sure to get the cream cheese that's *guaranteed fresh*. See the famous name "Philadelphia Brand" right on the packages you buy. That's the way to get the delicately fresh taste, the really creamy-rich flavor you want—*every time!*

Hostesses!—Here's the "classic recipe" for this sure party success. Remove crusts from a loaf of day-old bread. Cut four ½-inch lengthwise slices. Place a slice on a platter, spread with Kraft Mayonnaise or Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, cover with peeled sliced tomatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Spread another slice with mayonnaise; place with dressing side on the tomatoes. Spread top of this slice with Kraft Pimento Cream Cheese Spread, cover with third slice of bread. Spread it with mayonnaise and cover with lettuce. Spread fourth slice of bread with mayonnaise; place on lettuce. Soften 2 (3-oz.) packages Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with milk; frost outside of loaf. Chill an hour. Garnish with watercress. Serve in inch thick slices. Serves 6 to 8.

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—for you!

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Let your own eyes show you how brighter than ever Glo-Coat sparkles up dull floors—brightens colors and patterns. Always a favorite because of its brightness, Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat now gives nearly twice the shine on your linoleum and varnished wood floors.

And there's no rubbing or buffing with Glo-Coat. To get this smooth, glossy wax polish you simply apply Glo-Coat and let it dry—it shines as it dries.

You give your floors real wear protection with Johnson's Glo-Coat, too. Regular Glo-Coat care keeps dirt from grinding in ... wash off scuff marks. Your floors don't crack ... show wear so readily—keep [illegible] and beautiful much longer. [illegible] but as spilled things wipe up from a shining Glo-Coated floor so quickly.

For a brighter, more beautiful shine ... insist on Johnson's Self-Polishing Glo-Coat. You'll be in good company ... more women use Johnson's Glo-Coat than any other floor polish.

Laugh longer when you tune in Fibber McGee and Molly, Tuesday nights—CBC

Bring out the beauty of the home with

five famous Johnson Polishes

Self-Polishing Glo-Coat, Paste Wax, Liquid Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars

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was not adapted for the purpose of raising audiences. The urgent desire of innumerable people on this side of the water to find friends and relatives lost behind the curtain of war set in motion a constant flow of personal signals from Montreal into what had been Germany and *festung Europe*. The volume of answers which began to flow back to North America, despite the dislocated mail services, was literally amazing. All manner of folk in Europe became unofficial liaisons of CBC, passing along messages picked up on homemade shortwave sets and seeking those who might not have heard. A postal clerk in Prague copied more than a hundred names of people last known by friends in Canada to have been in Czechoslovakia. He ran every survivor down, put him in touch with friends across the Atlantic. This is one case of many which could be cited from perusal of correspondence files. The radiomen and Ottawa soon realized that CBC had built up an immense and friendly listening audience in Europe.

The Man in Charge

The man who put the International Service together is Arthur Phelps, who came out of Manitoba University to take on a job which had no Canadian precedent. When Phelps decided to go back to professoring last fall in the Department of English at McGill, he was replaced as general supervisor by Ira Dilworth, another English teacher from U.B.C. In his middle fifties, Dilworth joined the CBC a year before the war and was its senior operations officer on the Pacific coast until he came east late in the summer of 1947. Author of half a dozen published works, leader of Vancouver's renowned Bach Choir, accomplished musician in his own right, connoisseur of the work of Canadian artists, the new G.S. is a shaggy bear of a man. He is as deeply steeped in the lore of Canada and in the Canadian spirit as any living citizen of this country. Since his task is primarily one of interpretation, with Canada as his subject, Dilworth, no soft-palmed teacup balancer but a man with considerable repute as a radio administrator, looks like a citizen tailored to fit his new job.

Events beyond our own control have contributed largely to Canada's quickly achieved status of eminence in the postwar era, not the least of which is that we entered the period going all out and didn't slacken pace, whereas our principal competitors on this side of the world, the folks next door, had no defined policy and didn't even know whether they would stay in business or not. Uncle Sam's practice even in war has been to subsidize private operators, whereas Canada entered world radio as a national enterprise. (No private Canadian operator has ever manifested the slightest interest in transocean broadcasting in any case.) Thus all we had to do was to appropriate funds through External Affairs and keep going, while the U.S.A. still had to make up its mind. (It finally appropriated $12 millions instead of the asked for $31 millions. The U.S. Office of Information and Educational Exchange now broadcasts only to countries generally listed as Behind The Iron Curtain, spending its reduced appropriations rather than to carry on many functions other than radio.)

Thus Canada built its postwar audience particularly in Europe while the competition was virtually out of business. Can we hold our place? The experts say yes. They point out that during the lag period United States lost a great many of its best people who couldn't or wouldn't wait for Congress to make up its mind. They point to the strength and dependability of the Canadian signal in Europe, stemming directly from our preferred position on the global map. But most of all they tend to emphasize the reservoir of goodwill which accrues from our role of lesser power, from the objectivity of our policy and, in reverse, to the fact that others are not so averse to a little propagandizing. ★

His Lasso Is a Lens

Continued from page 20

sometimes means standing around out-of-doors, where he prefers to shoot, for hours in below-zero weather. It's at such times that what friends term his "fine flow of language" gushes forth in a hot stream. Even this is not sufficient to prevent his shutter freezing when the thermometer hits 32 below. "I find," Harry says bleakly, "that's the lowest temperature in which I can work."

Harry in the Bull Ring

No one who has actually witnessed Strohmeyer photographing a cow or bull will ever forget it. He sets up his five-by-seven inch view camera in an open field or yard where he has plenty of room to move around. In colder weather he wears a snug beige ski cap, a natty beige zipper windbreaker with a brown fur collar and matching beige slacks tucked into three-buckle black jersey overshoes. His ears soon become deep pink in the crisply cold air. A full-chested, sullen-looking Holstein bull is led out by two watchful herdsmen to have his portrait taken.

Strohmeyer speaking:

"Put those front feet on the highest ground.... No, keep that shoulder out of the shadow.... Now his right front foot back.... Lean that shoulder in.... I wish we could get rid of some of that strap, Arthur—there's enough there to take him out and hang him with it.... (Arthur unbuckles a length of strap.) Oh-oh! (Bull moves and Strohmeyer swears gently but feelingly under his breath. They begin again.) Now, that's fine for the front feet. Let's reverse the hind ones.... (Bull shifts. They start from scratch, Strohmeyer swearing louder and with more feeling.) Oh, that left hind leg really should go out a little. Whoa! Now back.... No! He wants to be a little steeper in front. (He suddenly picks up his camera on its tripod and moves to a better spot, muttering under his breath.) Now, boys, let him settle.... Hold his head up a little.... Back the left front foot.... Good! Fine! (Bull suddenly moves all four legs. Strohmeyer tears off his beige ski cap and is about to toss it on the ground. He doesn't. His right hand arcs back.) Wait! Don't change his angle.... Whoa! Now he's stretched too much.... That's it! (His voice is charged with excitement. He is about to release the shutter. Suddenly he breathes out a short sharp word and relaxes.) No, Arthur, I want to see daylight between his legs.... Now I don't see his face at all.... Okay! Wave your caps! (He is very tense and excited. Two herdsmen stationed about 15 feet in front of the bull wave caps violently at him.) Fine! You've got his attention now! We'll try it! (He takes the picture.)

Continued on page 34

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Continued from page 32

The half dozen onlookers all breathe huge sighs of relief as the tension snaps. The operation has taken 24 minutes. Everyone except Strohmeyer and the bull looks washed out by the ordeal.

It is really Strohmeyer's infinite capacity for taking pains that gives him an edge over his competitors. "The main thing is to show a strong topline—but for dairy cows you must be sure to bring out the udder, general femininity and the fine, long, lean neck. In beef animals the less neck the better; in draft horses you stress well-developed hindquarters and shoulders; in sheep it's blockiness—and so on. You've got to know animals. You've got to be a cattleman first and a photographer second."

He Shot Elsie's Parents

Paradoxically, that isn't precisely the way it happened with Strohmeyer. His father was a landscape photographer in Montclair, N.J., and Harry naturally gravitated toward the lens box. Later Junior assisted Senior in photographing the estates of wealthy New Jerseyites and began taking pictures of purebred cattle on the side. His first batch of animal pictures weren't much to look at and he didn't quite know why. He took them to a cattle judge and asked the expert to help pick them apart. That was in 1915. Strohmeyer has been learning about cattle and how to photograph them ever since.

Shortly after these tentative fumblings at cattle photography Harry was sent overseas as a khaki-clad cipher in the U.S. Army. He wound up in the Signal Corps—taking pictures. On his first long leave, when his buddies headed for gay Paree, Strohmeyer aimed himself and his camera straight for the Channel Islands from which so many fine dairy breeds originated. There he photographed, among other cattle celebrities, the parents of Borden's first and most famous Elsie.

After he got back home all went almost too well in his chosen endeavor. His annual rounds of the stock fairs grew more and more arduous until in 1928 he decided the business had grown too big for one man. This was the time to test his theory about how to create a good farm-animal photographer. He met John Carpenter, a man who had milked a Jersey to the world's butterfat record, but had never been draped under a focusing cloth in his life. He made him an active partner.

"I figured I could take a fella who knew cows and teach him photography, thereby making a better livestock photographer out of him than vice-versa. I was so right."

Despite his long practice and study, Harry Strohmeyer's photos of beef cattle (as opposed to dairy cattle) still left something to be desired until a few years ago. This was little or no handicap to the firm, since nearly all the business was done in dairy breeds, but ever a perfectionist, the senior partner of S. & C. decided to bring the quality of his beef pictures up to the level of his others. He visited W. J. Russell, one of his Canadian friends who keeps a fine Shorthorn herd at Unionville, Ont.

There he took dozens of pictures of shorthorns and consulted for long hours with Russell, analyzing the photos and jotting down ways to improve his technique.

"Jim was a huge help to me," Strohmeyer cheerfully admits.

He has worked in or visited every province of Canada but Prince Edward Island and probably knows more about the country than most natives. Because he does many a photo job in Quebec, he once took time out to learn enough French to pose a cow. His accent is atrocious and his grammar not much better, but he's proud of his few words and uses them whenever he gets the chance. On a recent Quebec assignment he was photographing a prize bull owned by twin brothers.

"Avancez le pate derriere gauche," said Harry in his best Parisian.

The brother who was to assist in posing the critter stared at Harry but did not move.

He repeated his request, again in French. The brother beside the bull continued to stare.

Finally the other twin interrupted from the side lines. "I think he's talkin' French, André. I think he's tellin' you to move his left hind foot forward."

The twins, it developed, were English-speaking, unbilingual Quebeckers. Strohmeyer sighed with relief. "At least it wasn't my French that smelled!"

Until recently the number one photographer of farm animals visited Canada every month of the year. Aside from his assignments to such huge American shows as Iowa's Dairy Cattle Congress, the Eastern States Exposition and Chicago's International Livestock Exposition, he has made stops at the Sherbrooke Fair, the Brandon Exposition, the Calgary Stampede, the Hervey (N.B.) Jersey Show, the Lachute Fair and the Quebec Provincial Exhibition. He hasn't missed a Canadian National Exhibition or a Royal Winter Fair (both Toronto) since 1921. He has photographed cattle for breeders as far west as Vancouver Island, has waited out 47 below zero weather at the CPR Ranch near Calgary and has photographed beef animals on the Duke of Windsor's E P Ranch in Alberta. Nowadays most of his Canadian work is concentrated in Ontario and Quebec and his tight schedule has forced him to water down his border crossings to about 10 annually. Of all the cattle conventions, east, west, north or south, he considers Toronto's Royal Winter Fair most important. "It's the best-balanced on the continent," he states boldly.

To avoid customs difficulties he keeps one camera in Canada the year round. With it and the others he keeps in the States he has photographed most of the 90,000 animals on file at the firm's office in White Plains, N.Y. It is natural that among all these thousands of four-legged critters some should stand out in Strohmeyer's memory.

Of those, only one cow really objected to having her picture taken—but her case bordered on the psychopathic. At fair after fair she would spot Strohmeyer's camera at 50 paces and try to fly to the next county.

Cock-eyed Cows

The photographer and the camera-shy cow met again recently at the Dairy Cattle Congress. Strohmeyer is unlikely to forget the occasion. His assignment was to get a close-up photo of the prize winner's udder. That's all.

The cow saw the camera. She reared. She balked. She bounced around, more like a Brahman steer at a wild west show than a cud-chewing lady of the dairy. Finally, Strohmeyer got a bright idea.

"We'll blindfold her," he said.

They did. Harry got his picture.

"But the hardest cow to photograph is one with cross eyes," says Strohmeyer. "A cow's eye is dark all over—there's no white to gauge by. We don't know she's cross-eyed until she cocks her head way over to one side or the other when the entertainment committee begins to wave caps at her and start mooing for her attention. Instead of a beautiful profile we get either a soulful straight-on view or a blank look at the back of her head."

There is nothing in his work Strohmeyer genuinely fears so much as a wicked, fire-breathing bull who decides to take the law into his own horns.

"Once I was trying to get the picture of a Guernsey bull who wanted to face the camera and paw the ground instead," Harry recalls grimly. "I went up to the bull, see, intending to soothe him. Before I knew it he caught me with a twist of his heavy head. He knocked me flat and my cheek was gashed with a flicking horn. I tried to crawl to safety but he hooked me with both horns this time and tossed me high in the air. Lucky for me I landed on my feet. My legs were pumping when I hit the ground."

A few years back Strohmeyer startled cattle enthusiasts by announcing that he would no longer follow the universal practice of retouching farm animal photographs. For a while this created quite a to-retouch or not-to-retouch controversy and it looked as though Harry might lose a large chunk of his business to competitors who still practiced the art of make-believe. In the long run, however, his customers decided that Strohmeyer could bring out the good points of an animal in a photograph by skill of posing more dependably than his rivals could by retouching.

"Besides," asks Harry, "how can you compare retouched photos and determine whether you are improving the breed or whether the retouch artist has just drawn in a straighter, stronger-looking topline in the more recent photo?"

Most of the Strohmeyer business is done on individual farms and estates. Rich man, poor man—they all come to Strohmeyer. A few weeks ago Harry took pictures of the Ayrshire cattle owned by C. E. Wilson, president of General Motors, on a farm just outside of Detroit. Next day, after a quick air trip, he was photographing a cow near Seattle, Wash., for the Carnation Milk people. But the glamour field is limited. "We make a great many pix for dirt farmers," says Harry. "I've covered as many as 12 farms and 200 road miles in one day. The way I figure, the poor man needs my services a darn sight more than a millionaire with a big estate."

His fees range from seven dollars per photograph, when it is taken at one of the cattle fairs, to several hundred when a special trip is called for. His travelling expenses, by land or air, are always included in the bill. He has spanned the continent in the craft of every airline but TCA. "And I hope to remedy that oversight."

Strohmeyer had been in the cattle photography business 17 years when he met and married May Meyer, a social-service worker, to whom he'd been introduced by his sister. The Strohmeyers have one son, aged 12, whom Harry is now watching for signs of interest in cameras and cows. Their home is at White Plains, N.Y., and built right onto it is the Strohmeyer & Carpenter photographic laboratory, a model of modernity.

"I may be away from home a lot on business," Strohmeyer quips, "but my business is always at home."

Oh! and in case you've been wondering, Strohmeyer's little practical joke on Elmo Ashton—the time he retouched Ashton's face into the semblance of a grinning chimpanzee—didn't go unrepaid.

On Harry's very next visit to Canada, which happened to be for the CNE, Ashton inserted an advertisement in a Toronto paper. It read something like this:

> "Photographer H. A. Strohmeyer will be at the Royal York Hotel on Sept. 3. He wishes to engage the services of several models at that time. Please apply in person."

"Imagine my surprise," Harry burbles, "to be awakened by a loud knock on my bedroom door, to get up to answer it in my pyjamas—unrobed, unshaved and unwashed—to fling it open and be almost trampled underfoot by the rush of beautiful but impatient babes who were lined up all the way to the elevator. It served me right. I have been very careful with my sense of humor ever since."

Whereupon Strohmeyer winks, very slowly. Maybe it's just association of ideas, but the wink has more than a vague resemblance to a shutter slowly closing behind a camera lens.

Can't be though. There isn't a cow in sight. ★

"Buy Churchill!"

Continued from page 14

spasmodic leadership. He would not regularize Eden's position as deputy leader but left him to take charge if he, Churchill, did not turn up. Just as we were preparing to fight to the last ditch against the nationalization of the Bank of England Churchill got up and said that it seemed a harmless little bill. Eden's face flushed with anger and there were loud mutterings on the Tory Bench.

Then came the American loan with all its threat to Empire economic unity, and Churchill advised the party to abstain from voting. Instead 90 of us voted against it. Then Churchill went to America.

I can now reveal that there were secret meetings in which it was decided to ask Churchill on his return to elevate himself to the position of Generalissimo, with Lord Salisbury as leader of the Lords, Mr. Eden as leader in the Commons and Lord Woolton as chairman of the party. It was about that time that I predicted that he would give up the leadership in the Commons.

I do not know what happened, whether the plan was put to him or whether it was just hinted. He certainly knew that there was a strong feeling that he should promote himself above the day-to-day authority in the House, but when the smoke cleared away he was still on the Front Bench as the boss. Anthony Eden, who had sat on the steps of the throne through the regime of Baldwin, Chamberlain and Churchill, still sat on the steps except that the throne had now gone.

So two years passed with the Socialists unbeaten in every by-election where they had held the seat in 1945. It was, and still is, a remarkable record, and it seemed that the boast of the Socialists that they were in for 20 years was likely to prove true. So low were the Tory fortunes that Herbert Morrison tauntingly offered to advise us how to be an effective opposition. Our reply, I must say, nearly blistered the pages of Hansard.

In the meantime Churchill was predicting bloodshed and famine in India, demanding our withdrawal from Palestine, denouncing the evacuation from Egypt and Burma as poltroonery, ridiculing the Socialists as arrogant

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witless blunderers, and generally punching his opponents without any regard for the Queensbury rules.

Young Socialist M.P.s, who would have trembled in his presence during the war, baited him but he shook them off like a bull tormented by fleas. Then Herbert Morrison told them to keep quiet. "He's too big for you," he said bluntly, but behind closed doors. Britain's prestige was waning in the world, her true economic position was becoming exposed, but Churchill spoke as he did in the war, for a nation great in her past and facing a mighty destiny.

Back on the Pedestal

Whenever it was known that he was going to make a speech the benches and the galleries were crowded. Right or wrong, fair or unfair, there came back to the people the realization that we had an immortal in our midst, a man who would live as long as history itself, until even those of us privileged to serve with him would be regarded as of some importance merely because we sat and listened.

Perhaps because the people had been led with such strength in the war they voted for an easier master in peace. Perhaps because Churchill spoke as the warrior from the mountaintop the people wanted the softer notes of the valley. Perhaps because he was supreme in battle they thought he would fail in the years of reconstruction. Perhaps it was the instinct of the Lilliputians to strike down the giant who dwarfed them.

Whatever the reason, the attitude toward Churchill has begun to change. Never once had he charged the electorate with ingratitude nor challenged their right to do with him as they chose. Not in a single speech did he remind them of his services in the war or pose as the weary Titan. With ringing voice and inspired language he called upon his tired, disillusioned countrymen to be worthy citizens of a nation ordained to be great or perish.

When the royal wedding took place and Churchill entered the Abbey merely as a private guest, there was a spontaneous move as the assembled people rose to their feet in tribute. To whom? To the Leader of the Opposition? No. To Churchill as Churchill. The same thing had happened to the old Duke of Wellington when Victoria was married. Once in a century, no more.

Then came his 73rd birthday, not a particularly auspicious date in a man's life or of any great interest, but it brought such tributes in the press and from people as can hardly ever have been accorded to a living man. In their editorials, newspapers that had often criticized him declared that not only was he the greatest living Englishman but might well be regarded as the greatest Englishman who ever lived. Like Shakespeare he had given language to all that was finest in the British race. Like Drake he had sustained the courage of his people against immeasurable odds. Like Milton he had proclaimed the triumph of the spirit over the material.

Has He the Votes?

Churchill would have to be less than human not to be touched by the chorus of praise, but I can imagine him lighting his cigar and saying: "Five times was I dismissed by constituencies which I represented in Parliament. For 10 years before the war of 1939 I was not deemed fit to hold office. I became Prime Minister without an election, but as soon as the people were allowed to vote they threw me out. Therefore, while I like the sound of that sweet music I shall not order a halo just yet. It is not for nothing that my family motto is 'Courageous but Unfortunate.'"

Perhaps he foresaw that in a few days' time the electors of Gravesend would return a Socialist instead of a Churchill Tory. He made no public comment on that staggering result, but maybe he reminded himself that in an election it is not as the loud have spoken but as the dumb have voted.

But what I think is happening is that the men and women of Britain are beginning to visualize the tonic effect of Churchill returning to No. 10 Downing Street. There would be snarls and growls and threats of trouble, but the nation as a whole would feel its chest expanding and its pride returning. Once again Britain might become an island of Churchills as it was in the war.

Beyond the confines of the island there would be long and sustained rejoicing in the U.S.A., where Winston's popularity has never waned. I must not speak for Canada, because someone or other in Ottawa always gets angry when I dare to voice the sentiments of the country of my birth, but I have my own ideas of what Canadians would feel. Nor do I believe that Australia and New Zealand, although blessed by Socialist Governments, would be immune from the general rejoicing. Beyond that I must not travel in the Empire or it will fill up all my remaining space.

"A Very Good Chance"

Then is it likely that the Conservatives will win the next general election and that Churchill will be Prime Minister again? For the time being I have retired from the business of prophesying, but since one man's guess is as good as another's, I must say that the Conservatives have a very good chance, although their majority might be insufficiently large to form a purely party Government. In that case Churchill would form another Coalition Government which might be a very good thing for all concerned.

One more question must be asked and answered. Do the Tories now think that Churchill is a good leader of the Opposition and has the grumbling of two years ago dwindled and died away? Believe me—not at all. As a leader of the Opposition Winston is an absolute headache. He is utterly unpredictable and says exactly what is in his mind and in his heart. When he rages against the Government for something in which we partially believe, he looks at us in much the same way as Frederick the Great when some of his grenadiers objected to being ordered to attack for the sixth time in one day. "What! Do you want to live forever?"

That is part of the trouble. Churchill will live forever, but we who comprise the Emperor's decimated platoon have to make the most of our mortality. We cannot fight a major battle every day.

After the election of 1945 I wrote an article for the New York Times called "Churchill, the Man with a Future." I forget my arguments but remember the title. So perhaps as a prophet I may consider starting up in business again.

And since the Emperor is bound to see this London Letter in Maclean's I think I shall leave the matter with this pointer taken from the past. In 1815 the House of Rothschild arranged a relay of mounted messengers to bring the news of the result of the Battle of Waterloo to London. The message of the final messenger as he staggered into the office was: "Buy British securities!"

Politically my tip is—"Buy Churchill securities!" You can still pick them up cheap in some quarters. ★

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Hockey's Merry Godmother

Continued from page 24

the spring of 1945 to be a guest at the Memorial Cup finals between St. Michael's College and Winnipeg Monarchs her reputation preceded her. She knew people expected the master touch when she attended a hockey game.

At a particularly crucial moment in the final game of the series at Maple Leaf Gardens, when Monarchs scored their second goal, assuring the defeat of St. Michael's, a few spectators were horrified and thousands were delighted to see a woman's corset sail through the air and land on the ice. Hilda Donati threw it, of course, but it was scarcely one of her truly spontaneous gestures. She had brought along an extra corset for throwing purposes.

While incidents like these have made for a hockey character in her own right, it is Hilda's Peewee Hockey League that has made her a celebrity.

The Vacant Bench

It all began in 1942 when the Port Arthur Minor Hockey Association had a franchise open in its Peewee League.

Hilda Donati was operating a little coffee shop in the city's business section that had become a rendezvous for people who liked to talk sports.

Hilda was pouring coffee for Tom Crompton, president of the association, when she learned that no one was likely to sponsor a team to fill the vacancy. Crompton, a grizzled little Englishman who had devoted 25 years to the direction of boys' hockey leagues, wasn't very happy at the thought of operating with one team fewer than the usual eight.

Hilda knew what was troubling her old friend the moment he sat down at the counter. She made up her mind while she was filling his coffee cup.

"If nobody's going to look after those kids, I've a good mind to sponsor a team myself," she said. "Have a cinnamon bun?"

"No, give me a doughnut," replied Crompton. Then as the import of her remark sank in, he brightened. "Say, that would be a swell idea. Why don't you?"

"I did," she informed him. "Two minutes ago. What's it going to cost me?"

"Hard to say," said the experienced Crompton. "Some outfits are spending a couple of hundred bucks to see a team through."

"Nuts to that," snapped Hilda. "I don't mind spending 40 bucks to see that the kids have some fun, but that's all I can afford. Bring me an application blank next time you're in, Tom."

The news spread quickly as news does in small towns. Small boys materialized as if by magic and begged for a chance to play with her team.

"You'll all get a chance," she assured them. "And the kids that make the team will get sweaters and hockey sticks. But you'll have to get the rest of your equipment yourselves."

Every youngster under 13 who wanted to play hockey and hadn't made a place on the other teams turned out for practices. Hilda signed up 18 of them and regretfully let the others go.

"Sorry, fellas," she consoled them, "but that's the most we can handle. None of you would get any hockey if we had more. I'm going to use every boy in every game and I'm only sorry I can't take you all."

Hilda's team didn't particularly expect to win the league championship, but every one of the 18 played in every

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game on the schedule unless he was sick. Hilda didn't run in her substitutes on the basis of strategy—she just let everyone have a turn. Two goals down or 10 goals ahead she pulled off her best forwards and defensemen to put the other youngsters on ice whenever their turn came.

It should only happen in a storybook, but her club won the Peewee Championship.

It also transpired that Hilda had a few exceedingly practical theories about the game which no one had suspected. She had played hockey on an Oak Lake girls' team in 1927-28-29 against girls' squads from Virden, Griswold, Kenton and Souris.

"I was the pudgiest girl in town," she confesses now, "and so the coach put me in goal right at the start."

How to Start a League

Hilda drew on that experience when she began coaching her youngsters. While she couldn't show them how to do much more than they already knew, she could point out the things they shouldn't do.

While she watched "her boys" on the ice or when she was back at work in her coffee shop trading hockey gossip with her customers, Hilda thought a lot about the youngsters she'd had to turn away. By the time the season was over she had made up her mind. Next year she was going to operate a league of her own for boys who weren't good enough for the faster company of the minor leagues.

Seasoned sportsmen tried to dissuade her. They said the headaches of operating a league were more than she could be expected to cope with.

Hilda listened to her customers' objections and then smilingly put the bite on them for cash donations. People gave up arguing and gave. Hilda went out and canvassed merchants, professional men and service clubs. The fire department contributed nearly $20, the senior and junior hockey clubs fed the kitty until she was assured of about $450, enough to equip 50 youngsters and form perhaps half a dozen teams.

She found an outdoor rink that was to be abandoned and rented it for the season for $25. Then she breezed down to City Council and before she left had talked them into flooding the rink at city expense.

Long before ice-making weather arrived Hilda found she had miscalculated badly. Instead of 50 boys wanting to play, there were more than 100. So she put on what she calls her "Gimme" expression again and went back to canvassing.

Hilda's Rules

Her year as a team operator turned out to be a good investment. She had learned a number of things in that one season—some that more experienced boys' hockey promoters haven't learned yet. One was that a team could be equipped for as little as $50; another was that there could be such a thing as too much competition for players.

Accordingly Hilda drew up a few rules and regulations not in the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association books. Anyone can sponsor a team in Hilda's League, but no one may finance a team beyond $50. That buys sweaters for all the players and looks after incidental expenses. (Sponsors get no advertising privileges, no names on sweaters.) The league looks after everything else. It holds tag days and other money-raising stunts to provide funds for hockey sticks, rink operation and the other financial details.

Other minor leagues set virtually no player limit; some wealthier clubs sign up 18 or 20 boys, some of whom never play a game. In Hilda's league 12 players is the maximum and every player must be allowed to play at least five minutes in every game he turns out for.

Organizations sponsoring teams and the coaches they employ are told pretty plainly what they can and cannot do. No "bonuses" to players, for instance, to celebrate victories. No bad language in front of children.

"I've seen little kids reduced to tears by a coach's language," Hilda says. "Most of the time the coach didn't mean what he was saying and if he didn't mean it, there was no point in saying it."

The redoubtable Mrs. Donati sponsored one team in the league, but it was subject to exactly the same restrictions. And to make sure she played no favorites Hilda took the castoffs to make up her squad.

The first year's operation, with an eight-team league, was an unqualified success. By last year the league had grown to 20 teams.

Hilda now found the job a bit too much for one woman, so she looked for help. Tom Crompton was retiring from the presidency of the Minor Hockey Association and Hilda immediately drafted him. This year, for the first time, there is no Hilda's team in Hilda's League.

"Too many kids wanted to play on my team," she confesses. "So it seemed the sensible thing to avoid jealousy by not having one."

Another Allan Cup

Another reason for her decision might be found in her extracurricular activities. Hilda now has graduates from her own league playing in the regular minor loops. This year she has two squads in the Juvenile league—the last step before junior hockey—five in the Midget League (14 to 16) and seven in the Bantams (12 to 14). Just to make sure she has enough to keep her busy, she has organized skating classes for tots under seven. And of course she has her coffee shop (which has now expanded to include a fresh fruit and vegetable store) to occupy her spare time.

A lot of people who wondered what all the fuss was about in 1943 are beginning to see that Hilda makes sound hockey sense indeed. But Hilda saw the picture back in 1942 when the open Peewee franchise was her interest.

Her idea was this:

"A lot of youngsters were going up through the minor leagues even the way things were, but a lot more weren't getting any kind of a break. And there was too much emphasis on winning and not enough on giving the kids the feel of the game. That's what we're trying to do and it seems to be working. If you make hockey fun for little boys and don't break their hearts with too much competition, they seem to come along a lot better."

In her secret heart she has a dream. Between 1924 and 1934, Lakehead hockey teams won three Allan Cups and finished in the Dominion finals four times more. Latterly they've been pretty much out of the news and the calibre of play has gone down. By 1954 a lot of Hilda's hockey graduates will be ready for senior company. It would make her pretty happy if they were to establish another hockey dynasty like the one Lakehead hockey fans recall with such wistful pleasure.

No one who has watched her progress thus far will dismiss that possibility as simply a dream. Not when it's Mrs. Hockey herself who is doing the dreaming! ★

Beat It Out, Boy!

Continued from page 16

America's curiosity is the conga, biggest and noisiest drum on earth. Biggest in captivity is in a Miami night club. It stands eight feet three inches high and is 34 inches in diameter at the head, tapering down to 20 inches. Its rumble is supposed to create a primeval urge to cut rugs.

George has been drumming a long time. "What's the big difference between drum beating now and when you started?" I asked him.

"Why," he said, "the boys are hep. Ninety per cent of them can read music. They can talk drums with intelligence. They don't have to fasten the bass to the back of a streetcar and then run after it when the duo pushes off without them. They got cars and class now."

"How do you mean the boys can talk with intelligence?"

"How do I mean! Why, you just give the boys a chance and they'll ruin your ear with technical stuff. They'll tell you about the right press rolls including the buzz, the crush and the long roll, the flam, the flam tap and the flam accent. They'll bewilder you with descriptions of cymbal technique after splashes, ratamacues and ruffs. You'll learn about rhythm breaks, tom-tom delivery, send-offs and bongos."

"Do you know all this?"

"Sure. If you don't keep up with the kids in this drum game you're gone like vaudeville. A lot of these musical nicknames are strictly for amateurs, but we do know the words."

"What musical nicknames?"

"Well, take like the doghouse. I never heard a professional bass fiddler call that thing a doghouse, but to hear these hep cats talk it's got no other name. Same with the licorice stick. What professional clarinet player calls it a licorice stick? Go on, tell me."

"What do these hep cats call drums?"

"Skins. The South Americans have a lot of fancy names but we don't use them."

"These South Americans have the best drummers too?"

"They think they're best, but our kids aren't so bad."

Family Beat

George DeLaine does his drumming in Toronto, by long odds Canada's drummingest town. Toronto has 180 drummers in the musicians' union—that's more than Montreal, Vancouver, Saskatoon, Ottawa, Quebec City and Halifax combined.

Montreal, with 126 card-carrying drummers, has five from the Gariepy family. Toronto's best is three in any one clan, but that's about the only spot where Toronto is outdrummed. Toronto's three Martins total 130 years of drumming against the Gariepys' 119. Edward Martin, now 83, has been beating out rhythm for 60 years, William, his son, for 43 years and Ted, the grandson and the man in our picture, since 1920. Ted, the holder of a Canadian long service medal at 29, married the daughter of George Newnham, who is Canada's Mr. Drum in person but by no means the oldest.

How is it Toronto has more drummers to the score than any spot but Hollywood and the voodoo valleys of West Africa?

The answer is encouragement. Toronto has the biggest fife and drum parades, a drummers' club, two or three schools, keen competition and one of Canada's two drum factories.

Toronto also has Drummers' Paradise, the only shop in Canada that sells drums and nothing but drums. And that brings us back to George Newnham, its proprietor and one of the reasons for Toronto's high drummer density.

George buys, sells and appraises drums. He plays them, designs them and repairs them. He can usually tell at a glance who made your drum and when. He dreams and talks and writes about drums. He directs the trumpet band of the Second Divisional Signals, winner of the Waterloo Musical Festival, Canada's top band competition, for the past nine years. Last year his band invaded the United States, competed against 64 American bands and not only won first prize but was pronounced by the adjudicator to be the best band he had ever heard.

He teaches drummers privately and at the Western Technical School in Toronto. He judges in national competitions, doctors drum arrangements, writes drum solos into orchestrations and is an authority on anything drumwise from sticks to cymbals.

He hadn't played professionally for six years until last fall when Olsen and Johnson took their show to the Canadian National Exhibition. The madcap comedians spied a young musician in the band, demanded to know what had happened to George Newnham. When they learned it was nothing so permanent as death they dragged George from his shop for the date and he escaped with no broken drumheads.

George, a rosy-cheeked, silver-crested type in his early fifties, presides over a shop crowded with drums—big drums, little drums, gaudy drums, severe drums. Surrounded by his stock, he can talk for six hours about them without pausing for a double breath.

Drummers Are Lonely

He fidgets if the customers in his shop don't know each other. If two or more are on deck and they aren't talking to each other George hurries around introducing them.

"They must be drummers," he says, "otherwise they wouldn't be in here. But drummers never get a chance to get acquainted. Now you take the average dance band. It has four or five brass men and some fiddlers. They all know each other. But the drummer is not only alone but with all the extra things he has to handle he's too busy to get acquainted.

"When the dance ends the others pick up their one or two instruments and vanish into the night. But the drummer has a whole carful of gear to pack and store away before he drives his lonely way home."

That's why in 1934 George formed the Drummers' Club with 19 members. He had already presented his many pupils in one of the few drum and percussion recitals ever staged in Canada, but that group had moved away to drum locations in every Canadian province, in Newfoundland, England, the United States and Brazil. Now there was a new group and they were lonely. They were lone-wolf drummers.

This club is the only dues-paying outfit of its kind in Canada and as long as you are a skin beater, either professionally or amateur, you are eligible for membership. It has 85 paid-up members.

One of the first things the club did for the interest of the members was to invite visiting leaders such as George Olsen, the late Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Ray Noble and their drummers to an after-the-show jam session wherever space and drinks could be found. These jam sessions became so popular that fiddlers, brass and reed men tried crashing the gale so that it

Parents—here's hopeful news about
Rheumatic Fever

1. The disease is causing fewer deaths!

The mortality from rheumatic fever among children has dropped over two thirds in this country during the past 30 years. However, this disease is still childhood's great enemy because it attacks the heart.

Fortunately today most rheumatic fever patients, thanks to earlier diagnosis and good medical and nursing care, may escape serious damage to their hearts and lead normal, active lives.

2. More cases are being caught early!

As more parents learn the signs that may mean rheumatic fever—and as more children have periodic medical examinations—an increasing number of cases are being diagnosed in the early stages, when medical science can do most to protect the child's heart.

Rheumatic fever often has no distinctive symptoms, but such conditions as pain in the joints, continued low fever, loss of weight, poor appetite, or a generally "below par" feeling should have immediate medical attention.

3. Recovery is still a slow process!

Effective treatment for rheumatic fever usually requires rest in bed under a doctor's care. A long convalescence is generally necessary to protect the heart and to help it return to normal.

This is the time when parents can do much to help the child by seeing that he is kept occupied and in a cheerful frame of mind. As recovery progresses the doctor will guide the parents in gradually increasing the child's activities.

4. Children can be protected against further attacks!

As rheumatic fever often attacks more than once, it is necessary to guard against a return of the disease. Frequent checkups by a doctor are often helpful in preventing new attacks.

Just as important is the parents' co-operation with the doctor. Working as a team they can help protect the child from throat and respiratory infections which often pave the way for rheumatic fever. Good food, plenty of rest, and maintaining a good physical condition are also important safeguards.

Medical science is constantly working to increase its knowledge of rheumatic fever. For further helpful information about this disease, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet 28-M, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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Bon Ami
"hasn't scratched yet!"

was ruled that anyone seeking admission to a drummers jam session had to beat their way in with a paradiddle.

If you don't know what a paradiddle is you're no drummer, but this might help: "It's a group of four 16th notes played in such a style that the drummer changes the beat from hand to hand."

If you can't do that you don't get into any meetings of Toronto's Drummers Club nor into the vastly bigger National Association of Rudimental Drummers.

This organization, with headquarters in Chicago, has 9,400 members and Newnham's membership card is 36. In order to enter the NARD you must pass a test consisting of the 13 essential rudiments of drumming and then demonstrate their uses in a drum solo. The triple ratamacue mentioned earlier is one of the 13 essentials. Others have such names as flam accent, flamacue and double drag.

Drum man Newnham was born in Toronto on St. Valentine's Day 1897. When he was 14 he went to work checking clothes in the leaky roof section of the dancehall circuit. There, exposed to the torn tom beat five or six nights a week, his body and soul seemed to absorb the rhythm and, though he read no music and took no lessons, he was soon a drummer with a natural sense of timing.

In 1913 George was offered work in a three-piece orchestra in a movie house. The pay was four dollars a week. George grabbed it and slowly worked his way through other units until he was in Jack Arthur's 30-piece theatre orchestra. Those were the days of the silents when theatres staged presentations, background music and sound effects complete with fan driven perfume.

In 1921 when CFCA went on the air as Ontario's first radio station George played the first program, drums and xylophone. Soon afterward he played drums in most of the radio shows originating in Toronto.

Meanwhile he had begun to teach and in 1920 he opened a downtown studio in Heintzman Building. He carried a small stock of drum equipment for the convenience of pupils and that was how Drummers Paradise came into being. First this shop was seven storeys up and sold but three sets of drums in a year. Then it descended to the second floor and sold 40 sets a year. Six years ago Drummers Paradise opened on the street level and business zoomed. Current stock is between 500 and 600 drums with 5,000 pairs of sticks and Newnham is in the market for more.

$1,500 "Plant"

Like everything else, the price of drums is going up. It costs more to go boom nowadays. To set himself up with a minimum of gear for a dance date your drummer boy needs snare with stand, sticks, brush, a bass drum with pedal, a tom-tom and a high sock pedal. At current prices he'll go in hock about $250. But if he starts adding extras like cowbells, xylophone, wind machine and so on and on, or if he wants his rudimentary gear in fancy colors or pearl finish, he'd better bring along an extra $400. It's not unusual for a drummer to have an investment of $1,200 to $1,500.

Symphonic kettledrums last a lifetime and currently cost about $240 each, but a rare Dutch type in which the sound box floats like the bell of a horn goes at $750. The symphony drummer doesn't have to buy these—drums and piano are the only instruments the big orchestras supply.

The essential parts of a drum are its two heads, made of skin from along the backbone of young calves which is chemically treated and stretched until it has the quality of parchment, then shaved to the exact umpty-umpth millimetre of thickness. George Newnham lately had a letter from his supplier telling him prices were going up and explaining that he now had to pay more for a rawhide than he once got for the treated and finished drumheads he could make from that hide. The price jump doesn't mean much to the casual drummer who uses a skin for 15 to 20 years, but principal drummers in ace bands will change heads every year or oftener because continued tightening and loosening takes the stretch—and the oomph—out of a skin.

Drums are very susceptible to atmospheric conditions. Drummers in Halifax listening to a Vancouver orchestra on the air can tell whether it's raining or about to rain on the West Coast by the timbre of the drumbeats. The calfskins absorb moisture from the air like a blotter and become soggy. Any drummer in a dance band can tell when it starts to rain outside. He has to tighten and tighten again to maintain tone or put an electric heater inside his drum. This is usually a large electric light bulb. If he's playing at a barn dance where there is no electricity his drum will get more and more lugubrious.

Despite the overhead there's money to be made in drumming, particularly in the United States, where many drummers have become band leaders. Gene Krupa, who is said to collect $6,000 a week, is tops in this field with Buddy Rich, Dave Tough, Big Sid Catlett, Ray McKinley, Phil Harris, Bob Crosby, Lionel Hampton and scads of others in the pack. Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony, is probably the only percussion chief who got himself a symphony orchestra.

Against the $110 minimum paid weekly to the sidemen of the New York Philharmonic, Toronto's guarantee of $65 a week looks poor, but it's the best in Canada. Principals or leaders of drum sections get $10 extra and all of the musicians are entitled to take radio, concert or party work on the side.

A hundred or so Canadian dance drummers will average $150 a week from September to April, another hundred will make $110 and then you curve downward.

Canadian drummers haven't done much personal promotion in the dance field, not to the point of organizing their own orchestras in any case, but some of our Army, Navy and Air Force bands were led by drummers.

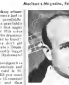
In Halifax, the naval band, probably the biggest of its kind in Canada, was led by Drummer Ernie Ainley. In the RCAF the best of many bands was led by Tom Barry, while the Royal Canadian Artillery (R) band was in the capable hands of Drummer William Bromby.

Barry's band of the RCAF spent 18 months in Newfoundland where most of the visiting American bands and orchestras stopped off for playing dates under the USO. When the RCAF band was broken up, American leaders gobbled most of the players and still have them. Later Barry and Ainley both returned to the Toronto Symphony Orchestra where Tom is Sir Ernest MacMillan's master of tympani.

Barry, nearing 47, has been beating the skins since he was 12 when his dad, a fifie player, introduced him to an Orangeman's parade. A perfectionist who has tricks and technique of his own, Barry can play a melody on four drums without the help of an orchestra, but this would soon bore you.

Tom has six children, of whom one might make a drummer. He likes his drummer's life and would probably agree with the man who is probably the oldest drum player in Canada. That is George Habden Corson, of Islington, Ont., nut grower, naturalist and formerly an internationally known swimming instructor.

George at 80 says "Beating a drum is a tonic . . . it's primitive and what we need is more things primitive . . . Eat natural things, keep active and beat the drum and you'll live to be a hundred." ★



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The Mystery of Migration

Continued from page 12

believed that birds must make their migration flights at 15,000 feet or over, for it was felt that rarer air would cut down flight resistance. Radar has shown that the altitude of migrating birds is usually under 3,000 feet, with 3,000 feet as a maximum.

But the fundamental problem—how do birds find their way across thousands of miles of land and even unmarked sea?—remains as unanswered today as it was 3,500 years ago when migrating flocks of quail saved the Israelites from starvation in the wilderness of Sinai. Four years ago I placed a numbered band on the leg of a male barn swallow. This bird probably spends its winters in Brazil or Argentina, yet every May since it has found its way back after a 12,000-mile round trip, not merely to the same province or the same county, but back unerringly to the same rafter in the same barn! What secret sense outside man's ken does this mite of a bird possess?

Orientation, the ornithologists call this mystery faculty in birds. It would seem to be far removed from that science of electronics which gave wartime birth to radar, yet during the past two years there have been some interesting developments suggesting that there might be a very close link.

In March 1946, W. H. Doherty, radio development engineer for the Bell Telephone laboratories in New York, gave an address in New York City on radar. As a casual aside he said he had frequently noticed that when the waves from a radar transmitter are directed at flocks of flying birds the birds appear to become confused, the flocks break up and the individuals wander about in the air aimlessly as long as they remain within the radar beam. "Just an interesting side light of little interest to us," Mr. Doherty remarked.

Doherty's "interesting side light" landed on the mind of one man in his audience with a wallop. That man was Hustace H. Poor of the American Museum of Natural History, who wasn't interested in radar but "came just because I was invited."

Poor knew that one of the discarded theories about bird orientation was that birds detected the earth's magnetic lines of force and kept on course with built-in compasses. Doherty's statement made it look as if the magnetic theory might be the right idea after all, for if radar could be such a disturbing element there must be a sense or organ somewhere in the bird make-up capable of tuning in on electrical influences in the air.

So far investigation has been limited, but numerous radar operators have confirmed that birds entering a radar-wave beam lose all sense of direction. Ornithologists, with a caution typical of all scientists, call the radar business "vague circumstantial evidence" so

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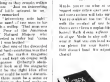

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☐ Dinner
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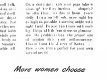

She'll cut more ice with him if she—

☐ Crosses those gams
☐ Goes in for hockey
☐ Plays at a helpless

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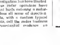

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more." A few of them, however, are predicting that this strange marriage between electronics and ornithology may beget surprising offspring in the years ahead. If it is true that electric impulses are involved, perhaps some day we will be able to lure birds off their regular migration tracks by means of radio waves and bring them in as control agents to areas where epidemics of insect pests are destroying agricultural crops.

The Earth-force Theory

In Europe today another bird orientation theory is getting strong, though not yet conclusive support from preliminary laboratory experiments. Leading this school is Professor G. Ising, distinguished Swedish geophysicist and sparetime bird hobbyist, who reasoned that maybe his science had the answer to how migrating birds find their way. Perhaps, he thought, birds are able to detect the minute disturbance caused by the rotation of the earth which geophysicists have labelled "Coriolis force."

Ising suggested that Coriolis force might be felt in the tiny semicircular canal of a bird's inner ear as a pressure of the lymph or body liquid against the canal wall. In laboratory experiments he determined that this pressure would change as a bird's direction of flight changed in relation to the direction of the earth's spin. In east and west flight the pressure would disappear entirely; in north and south flight it would be strongest.

Two biologists on the staff of Cambridge University, England, Dr. W. H. Thorpe and Prof. D. H. Wilkinson—looked into Ising's theory recently and picked it as full of holes as a 10-year-old umbrella. If Ising is right, they said, large birds with broader ear canals should possess better homing and directional ability than small birds, but migration study shows no relation between this ability and bird size. Also, they argued, if birds rely on their ear canals for directional sense, evolutionary development would have greatly enlarged these organs, whereas birds have the same size of ear canal relative to body size as do other vertebrates.

But Ising has many followers and several European universities plan to put his theory to the test by removing ear canals from birds and then observing these birds to determine whether their directional sense has been impaired.

In the early years of bird migration study it was assumed that birds moved south in the fall for the same reason that you would go to Florida or California next winter if you could afford it—to escape the cold. But evidence has accumulated that birds, with their cosy feather overcoats and a body temperature that can drop several degrees below its 110-degree average without harm or discomfort, don't have to worry about the zero stuff any more than Igluk the Eskimo. Tropical birds like parrots have been kept in outdoor cages through northern winters with no harm resulting as long as they remain well fed.

Quest For Food

Migration, all ornithologists now agree, is birdland's boardinghouse reach for dinner with one difference—the birds go reaching across a couple of continents. In fall most of them wing southward because winter will soon be covering their outdoor dining room table with ice and snow. In spring they come back north looking for longer days, because raising a nest full of baby birds is a tough proposition in the tropics where there is never more than 12 hours of daylight each day for food hunting.

And then there was another puzzle—it was noticed that each species of bird in its northward and southward migrations stuck to a calendar schedule almost as rigid as a railway timetable regardless of weather. Obviously there is something far more regular than weather which tells the barn swallow when to leave his winter home in Argentina and the chimney swift when to pull out of Peru. Ornithologists were stumped by this problem for many years; finally a Canadian solved it.

He was William Rowan, a professor at the University of Alberta. He theorized that the only outdoor influence occurring with enough regularity to account for the punctuality of bird migration was the lengthening of daylight in spring and the shortening of it in fall. Around 1930 Rowan began a series of experiments to test his theory which lasted several years. The outcome was a new concept of migration for ornithology and the Royal Society of Canada's highly esteemed Flavelle medal for Rowan.

Fooling the Birds

First he trapped and caged a number of juncos, small sparrowlike birds which nest in the north and winter in Alberta. Some he held in cages outdoors under ordinary December daylight conditions; the others he placed in cages where electric lights artificially increased the daylight period by five minutes each day.

By late January Rowan's inside cages were being lighted until 11 p.m. Some of his juncos were then killed and dissection revealed that the ones that had been subjected to increased light had reproductive organs developed to the large size that they normally did not attain until early summer. The remaining juncos were marked with numbered leg bands for identification and released. The birds with reproductive organs in an advanced state of development disappeared immediately; the ones from outdoor cages remained in the area and were retrapped frequently during the remainder of the winter.

Rowan at this point had proof that lengthening daylight is the factor that sets off the annual springtime growth of birds' reproductive glands. But what about the juncos' disappearance? Did they, as Rowan suspected, migrate north thinking spring had arrived?

He repeated the lighting experiments next winter with 500 crows and this time hundreds of Alberta citizens rallied to his aid. After several weeks of the light treatment, tails of the crows were marked with big daubs of yellow paint, their legs were banded and the birds released. Newspapers and broadcasting stations asked Albertans to watch for them and cash prizes were offered for the return of bands.

This, remember, was midwinter when Alberta's crows should normally be far south in the neighborhood of Oklahoma. Yet all of Rowan's artificially stimulated crows seen later were to the north of Edmonton. Twelve out of 14 other crows which had been penned outdoors under normal lighting and liberated at the same time were subsequently shot, all to the south.

Rowan in Alberta and many other scientists in the U. S. continued with further studies along this line. It became apparent that the urge to migrate occurs in the spring when the reproductive organs are waxing in size and in hormone producing activity and in fall when size and activity of the

Continued on page 45

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147

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FOR FINER FOOD FLAVOURING

C-I-L

The Pigeon and the Eagle

Continued from page 19

"For heaven's sake, man, you're a newlywed, only three weeks married. Sally's a swell girl. Don't you love her?"

"Sure," said Mike mechanically as if he'd trained a reflex to keep him out of trouble.

"Well, for Pete's sake, act like it. Here she comes."

Sally came up to us happily and sat down. She was sweet and small and gentle. She had soft brown hair and dark eyes. "You look like a million bucks, Sally," I said. "You really look wonderful."

"Thank you," said Sally, dimpling. I looked at Mike who had a faraway look in his eyes.

"Don't you think so?" I said.

"Oh, sure," he said, startled. He focused on Sally. "Darling, you do look lovely," he said gently.

Sally looked at him and patted his cheek. Her eyes looked longing and a little sad. We didn't talk much through lunch.

"Well," I said as soon as we had finished eating, "I've got to be going." I was anxious to get away from them.

"What," said Sally, dismayed. "When are we going to see you again?" As I debated whether to tell her I was in town only for the week end on business Mike said quickly:

"What are you doing this week end?" He seemed almost anxious. I didn't like the feeling I got that I was his contact with the past.

"Well, I don't know," I said doubtfully. "I've got a lot to—"

Mike said quickly, "I've a friend with a cabin cruiser who usually takes us out on the lake."

"Oh yes," said Sally eagerly. "It's fun."

Before I could find an excuse Mike jumped to his feet. "Don't say no until I see what days he'll be going out. Then we'll see if it fits in with your plans."

He was walking to the telephones before I could stop him.

I TURNED to Sally. I looked for something to say.

"Well," I said cheerfully. "How's married life?"

"It's only three weeks," said Sally. "Too soon to tell."

"Hey," I said. "The first three weeks should be like whipped cream cake. Aren't you happy?"

Sally grinned wryly. She clasped her hands. She didn't answer directly. "I suppose he talked to you about Rita," she said.

"No," I said quickly. "He didn't."

"No use covering for him, Joe. He talks about Rita all the time. She always creeps into the conversation." Sally leaned forward intently. "Tell me honestly, Joe. You knew her better than any of us. She never talked to the girls of the crowd. What was she like? Inside, I mean."

"You came into the gang late, didn't you?" I said. I shifted uneasily. "Well, at least you remember she was pretty. Lovely," I amended. Sally nodded.

"She was poor," I said, remembering. "And her beauty wasn't earned. She was just born with it. She had a tough life as a kid, her family had a hard time. When that happens a girl sometimes turns kind of cruel and wary as a mountain goat. Rita liked good times and Mike always did earn the best money."

"I hate her," said Sally slowly.

"You had plenty of company," I said. "It did no good to treat her rudely. If you really want a description, she was a wild eagle, beautiful and ruthless. You don't trap an eagle with milk and sugar. That was Mike's mistake. Lucky he didn't marry her."

"Why?" asked Sally.

I laughed. I searched for similes. "What would happen if a six-year-old kid grabbed a wild eagle by the legs? He'd be torn to bits."

"An eagle," said Sally, closing her eyes, picturing it. She opened her eyes. "What am I, Joe?"

"You," I said, looking at her gentleness, "you're a pigeon. Billing and cooing, full of fun and curiosity."

"I like that," said Sally, laughing. "It's not melodramatic, but it's me. That's the life I'd like. Fun and curiosity, billing and cooing."

"You've got a nice guy in Mike," I said. I meant it. "Really nice."

"I know," said Sally. "I'm a pigeon that knows how to build a nest. Twig by twig, I'll grow into his heart. I'll get rid of Rita." She smiled confidently. "Give me a year. One year and my nest will be better than any eagle's."

I looked at her with deep respect. She was all right. "You're no pigeon," I said. "You're an owl. Smart and patient."

"My father was a pigeon, my mother was an owl," said Sally, amused. "Tell me, Joe, what are you?"

I snuffed out the cigarette. I looked straight at her. "I'm an eagle," I said.

SHE WAS mighty quick, that girl. She caught my tone and her eyes widened with sudden wondering and I nodded.

"I thought you both knew," I said, "or I wouldn't have stopped you in the street. I'm married to Rita."

Sally looked at me miserably. I knew what she was thinking. "Don't worry, Sally," I said. "We haven't been in town in five years. And we won't be coming in either. Not now. I'll see to it that we stay away a long time. You go ahead and build that nest."

She took a deep breath. A little color came into her cheeks. "Joe, the way you described her, I don't understand."

I tried to find words that would explain. It was very difficult.

"Did you ever see a tiger in the zoo?" I said. "The way it walks back and forth endlessly, restlessly. It's got a power, a force that has to find expression. A slum kid is like that. A slum kid won't sit and rot because there's no clubs or playgrounds. He'll play hob with crime statistics. You see? Rita had no chance," I said, "before. There's a reason people are vicious."

"But, Joe," said Sally, helplessly, then stopped.

I grinned. "Rita's changed," I said softly. "And I've changed. Just as Mike will change for you."

I saw that she understood.

I got up. "Good-by, Sally," I said. "Tell Mike I couldn't wait. Maybe in about ten years we'll get together. But I doubt it."

Sally got up. Suddenly she reached out and kissed me.

Then I walked out. ★

A Matter of Paper

Continuing world shortages have greatly affected deliveries of the type of paper this publication normally uses.

Should your copy of Maclean's contain paper not as good as usual it is because that is the only way in which the publishers can maintain full service to the largest possible number of readers.

Continued from page 42

organs begin their annual decline. And the clock which governs these yearly glandular fluctuations is hours of daylight—increasing in spring, decreasing in fall.

From that beginning came other startling findings. Rowan himself in later experiments demonstrated that light was not solely responsible but that longer hours of physical activity due to longer spring days was also part of the story.

Migration isn't a birdland priority; many mammals, fish and insects refuse to be stay-at-homes too.

The mammal migration most frequently written about, that of the Scandinavian lemming, is not technically a migration at all but an emigration. Science, when it throws that word "migration" around, is referring to a round trip, but Mother Nature, when she plants that restless urge to move within the lemming breast, puts only a one-way ticket with it.

Lemmings are small—five inches long—hunchbacked yellowish brown rodents with overgrown fangs and abbreviated tails. They remain for generations at a time shy, docile creatures who live and die without leaving the protection of their burrows and tall grass. Every 10 to 15 years, though, there comes a two or three-year period when the lemming reproductive cycle goes haywire. Instead of two litters of young a year there are half a dozen or more, with eight or 10 to a litter instead of the usual four or five.

Then the great mountains and tundras of Norway and Lapland become so teeming with the little rodents that the mosses and lichens on which they feed become scarce. At this point the lemmings lose their docility and timidness and become snapping little desperadoes.

Finally this boldness and hunger combine to fill the home-loving lemmings with a strange and overpowering urge to strike out and see the world. First in small groups, then in hordes that cover acres of ground, the rodents pour westward down Lapland's mountain valleys. Litter after litter is born as they go; hundreds become thousands, thousands become millions. Farm crops in their path are stripped to the roots and grain bins pillaged.

Always the march is westward. Rivers and precipices fail to stop their advance. Sometimes the migration peters out before the lemmings reach the sea but usually the sea alone can stop them. They plunge into the salt surf as they have plunged into scores of rivers behind them; some of them swim miles to sea before fatigue and drowning finally terminate their journey. Back in the interior a remnant of lemmings that escaped the suicidal migratory urge begins the slow, ten-year job of building up the population.

Why do the lemmings always go westward? Why, when they reach areas in which food is plentiful, do they not stop and resume their normal pattern of life? These questions remain unanswered. But a few years ago science found the explanation for that sharp periodic increase in fertility. And they found it by going back to the fundamental source of all animal life—plant food. In the lichens which the lemmings eat biochemists found a vitamin combination which acts as a powerful stimulant to fertility and sex activity. The whole picture has not yet been filled in, but evidently this stimulation builds up gradually in the lemming body and is passed on to succeeding generations until, at the end of these 10 or 15 year intervals, fertility runs wild and the mass emigrations ensue.

Of all the flight migrations those performed by fragile-winged butterflies are probably the most fascinating, for one rarely thinks of these delicate creatures as long-distance travellers. Not many butterflies do migrate—most of them living but a few days in the area where they hatched—but a few species, when fall comes, strike south and span many hundreds of miles, sometimes nonstop across open sea.

The world's greatest butterfly migrant is a Canadian—the common reddish brown monarch whose larvae eat the leaves of milkweed. In August when cooler nights and shortening days warn of approaching winter the monarchs start winging southward. During the day they flit along at a speed of 10 to 15 miles an hour, rarely more than five or six in a group, but toward evening thousands of them sometimes congregate on the same tree.

By November those from Eastern Canada have reached the Gulf States, those of the west California. There they cling in thousands to certain evergreen trees and pass the winter in a state of semihibernation. No butterfly returns to the south for a second winter, therefore there are no guides or leaders, yet each migrating generation seems to be lured to the same wintering trees used by their ancestors.

But what guides the monarchs along their way, for their vision is good for but a few yards? Some entomologists believe that smell may have something to do with it, since the butterfly's most highly developed sense.

Travels of the Eel

But let's leave the realm of land and air and go deep into the dark depths of the Atlantic for a look at a migration which many biologists claim is the most amazing of them all. We should go 500 miles southeast of Bermuda and dive down—down four miles into the cold sea. Here you would find billions of minute larvae wriggling about a quarter of an inch long. They are newly hatched eels which years later will have grown to three feet long and inhabit the rivers of North America and Europe.

The European eels have the longer and more interesting migration, so let us follow them. First they swim upwards to higher sea levels where light penetration changes the darkness to violet, then blue and finally near the surface to a shimmering yellow green. Here in the sea's vegetation zone the new born eels have their first meals on microscopic sea plants. Then, unguided except by instinct, these quartz-clear eels set out on a 4 000 mile swim that is nature's greatest marathon. At their third birthday the tiny eels converge by thousands on the fresh water streams of Europe, mostly in Britain, France and Scandinavia. They battle their way upstream into distant ponds and lakes and even landlocked puddles.

But the eel's travels have not ended. Every year a few sexually mature eels go wriggling seaward once more. Once back in the Atlantic they are lost to science again. All that the marine biologists know is that every spring a new generation of billions of minute eels appear in the deep waters off Bermuda.

How do the tiny immature eels follow with unerring precision a migratory course they have never travelled before? And how were their parents, the older eels, found their way back again? These are secrets that lie hidden beneath four miles of sea. Science is making long strides in the solving of nature's migration riddles, but here is one mystery, the greatest of them all, that mankind may never understand. ★

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Out-of-town Assignment

Continued from page 11

"What a deal. You mean you've got the whole town sewed up like that?"

Sam shrugged.

"Not sewed up exactly, but most of the older families just wouldn't talk to a newspaperman unless he was a Cairns. Since I'm the only Cairns, it's sort of a monopoly by default."

"Look, could I talk to her for just a ——" Nan began.

"Tell her to go, Sam," said Miss Wurtele. Her rocking chair hit a firmer beat.

It was Nan's turn to shrug.

"Well, I don't run into this very often," she said frowning.

Sam guided her to the door.

"You wait in the car out there and I'll give you what I've got on this. It's a good story, too. The old lady saw the kidnap car. I'm trying to persuade her now to talk to the chief of police, but she won't see him. She thinks he's a fool. I won't be long," he whispered and closed the heavy door behind her.

"I got some pictures of the house. What did you get?" asked Frank Lebrucio.

"I think I've got a nice little scoop. The local press is going to meet me out here. How about you sending that picture off for a start and I'll meet you at the hotel later? You haven't a chance of getting in here," said Nan.

NAN went back and sat on the front steps and looked down the sloping streets of Cairnsville and listened to the distant small town sounds of the place. It was muted and restful.

Cairns came out after fifteen minutes.

"Sorry to keep you waiting but I got another couple of phone calls. What say we go over to my car now and I'll give you what I've got?" he said.

"Look, this is very nice of you to do this. The Blade will pay you for your help," Nan said as they got into Sam's coupe.

He knocked the suggestion away with a gesture of his hand.

"Forget it. This is the first news break we've had in this town in a year and I'm getting a kick out of it. You've no idea how dull it is here ... the agricultural society's annual meeting, a ball game. Doc Spevern went to the city last week to pick up a new dentist's chair. That's the sort of thing the Cairnsville Daily Courier is made of," Sam said.

"Well, at least I'll share anything I get with you," Nan smiled. "That's a laugh too, the way you have this town sewed up."

"Fine, it's a deal," said Sam. "I just get a kick out of working with one of you—well—big-time reporters."

Nan frowned.

"Are you kidding? Don't tell me you'd leave all this"—she indicated Cairnsville with her notebook—"to join the kind of road show I'm in?"

Sam nodded.

"Yes, I'd do it just to prove to myself that I was good enough for the big time. I'm a fair newspaperman I guess, but I've never had a chance to find out just how good. Working here has always been ... well, you see how easily I get my news here where every one knows me. Maybe the war made me restless, but I'd certainly like to take a shot at a big paper."

"You're crazy," said Nan. Then she smiled. "Now that we've established that, what did Miss Wurtele have to say?"

When Sam was finished Nan gave her head an appreciative half twist.

"That's a good yarn. How does the Cairnsville Courier feel about us using this?"

The way Mrs. Tonik carried those parcels as if they were filled with feathers, made everybody stare.

HOW COULD SHE HAVE SO MUCH ENERGY?

That was Mrs. T's favourite secret, but she gladly shared it. Her amazing pep, she confided, was the result of adding a little Ogilvie Tonik Wheat Germ to many of the dishes she and her family ate. It stimulated her appetite. She slept better. She enjoyed that good to be alive feeling again. Why don't you enjoy the benefits of ...

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"We don't come out until tomorrow morning, same time as you, so that's all right."

"There's just one other thing," said Nan slowly.

Sam grinned.

"You needn't worry about the other reporters—we're partners, aren't we?" he said as he started the car.

Sam said it was one of the best partnerships since Trader and Mark got together. Bailey, who knew all about the deal, was as close to happiness as a city editor can be. When the kidnappers sent another ransom note—this time for $50,000 right to Sam's house with instructions to pass it on to Wurtele's lawyer, Bailey swore ecstatically Nan was making the stuff up.

Nan wasn't quite as happy about the alliance. In the first place she preferred to work alone; she was jealous of her independence. True she contributed to the joint story as the week went on but it was Cairns' by-line that was making the headlines. Then she didn't like the gaunt mocking smiles she got from Parsons and Blakely, who in turn were getting the devil from their desks for being beaten consistently.

By Friday the story was cooling off. There had been no more word from the kidnappers; efforts by Wurtele's lawyer to get in touch with them had failed. The police had no clue except Miss Wurtele's story that she had seen her nephew get into a cream-colored roadster on the morning he disappeared.

Nan called Bailey to ask him to send someone else down. She wanted to go back to take her day off—remember? Sure, that would be all right after the great job she'd done.

NAN walked over to the Courier office to say good-by to Sam. He was at home so she phoned there. He wasn't coming down until after lunch but wanted her to have lunch with him and his mother. She'd love to.

Sam picked her up and took her up the hill where the old homes of Cairnsville slumbered in the sun.

Mrs. Cairns was a small white-haired woman. Nan liked her immediately. She liked the birdlike way she put her head on one side when she listened. When Nan was putting her hat in one of the big front bedrooms that smelled faintly of lavender, Mrs. Cairns said:

"I've never seen Sam so happy and interested in his work as he has been this week."

That was another good reason to get back to town, Nan told herself. There was sweet baked ham for lunch and hot biscuits and corn relish. They sat on the side porch after lunch and Nan could feel herself relaxing; she was letting down too fast after the excitement of the week. In fact she felt a little dizzy. She shook her head.

Sam watched her put her head back against the chair.

"Headache?" he asked. "C'mon, let's go for a drive."

She said good-by to Mrs. Cairns.

"You'll be back again," protested Sam.

Nan shook her head.

"I'm going back to the office tonight. They're sending someone else out."

"That's awful," Sam complained when they were in the car. "Don't you like Cairnsville?"

"I love it, Sam. I really do. I've been thinking all day what a perfect little town it is. I'm going to miss it too, but I've got to go back."

"Stay around for the week end and we'll have dinner tonight ... And I was going to ask you to have a picnic tomorrow. It will be hot in the city—hot and muggy. How about it?"

Nan leaned back against the seat of the car. She thought of her little apartment and the empty refrigerator. She thought of Bailey and the next assignment and suddenly she never wanted to go back.

"You've talked me into it, Sam," she answered.

That night they drove out to a summer resort hotel at a lake not far from Cairnsville. They had dinner and danced slowly. They talked about newspapers, about what he liked, what I like.

"You know, Sam, you're mad to want to leave this life and go on a city paper," Nan said. "Every city is full of guys who would give anything to have this. Why I ——"

"You'd what?" asked Sam, smiling at her across the table. "Would you actually like this life?"

Nan thought for a moment and then said, "Yes, I would. Anyone would. It's calm and peaceful. You have time to get your values straightened out like the things on your dresser. My dresser things are usually in an overnight bag. I don't know where my values are. Why yes, anyone would like this."

"All right then," Sam replied. "If you're serious there's a job here for you. I need a women's editor. I know it would sound silly to have Nan Morgan for women's editor of the Cairnsville Daily Courier, but if you really want this kind of life, if you really mean it ... there it is."

Nan twisted and untwisted a folder of matches, examining them as though they were something strange she had just found. Finally she looked up.

"Well, I've been talking like this for a long time and someone has at last told me to put up or shut up," she said. "But you'll have to give me a little time, Sam."

"Sure, any time," said Sam. "You let me know. But I should warn you you'll be bored to death. I'd give anything to get out of here—even just for a year."

They drove home slowly.

"You're different tonight, Nan," said Sam. "Not so ——"

"Tough?" she offered.

"I didn't mean that. But you are pretty professional you know. I ought to know; I've been ... well."

"Never mind, Sam. I know what you mean. It's Cairnsville. I grew to like the people. Like you, Sam."

"Like me?"

"Yes, like you. You're a big man in this town. You may not know it but that little sheet of yours does a lot of good. It's got integrity and people believe in it and they believe in you, not just because you are Adam Cairns' boy but because they respect you. That's the reason you should never leave here," she finished.

They were silent for at least a dozen hamburger stands.

"I never thought of it that way exactly, Nan."

"You should. And I shouldn't talk so much."

The car was traveling so slowly that Nan didn't realize it had stopped at the side of the road. Then Sam put his arms around her and kissed her. He kissed her again. Then they both sat very straight and looked ahead with their hands folded before them.

"Now that I know the editor likes me too I'll take that job," Nan heard herself saying.

BACK at her hotel Nan stood by the window and breathed the soft night air. Well, you've had a big night, Bright Eyes, she told herself. You not only fall in love with a large corn-fed editor after side-stepping the big winners but you chuck your career. All in one night. You must be crazy. She

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PARIS...
and a Frenchman Kissing my Hand

"Wait till I write Deb about this," I thought. Lucky my hand was nice and smooth. I mean lucky I use Jergens Lotion. Men like smooth soft hands.

Anyway—that Frenchman was very attentive, until Dick came. We were a threesome then until Dick growled about the hand kissing.

"Well, why don't you kiss a girl's hand?" I asked Dick. And he did! And said the dearest things and . . . now we're engaged to be married. And

I'll never neglect my hands. There'll always be Jergens Lotion in our house.

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For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion

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leaned farther out the window and breathed deeply. Somewhere not more than a few blocks away there was sweet clover. She decided she was crazy.

Should she phone Bailey now or wait until morning? Might as well make a night of it and do it now.

Bailey's voice was the lamentation of a stricken mother mingled with the roar of a wounded bull.

"Do you know what you're passing up? You'll go crazy down there! Look, I'll get them to send you on a tour of the country . . . you can write a book . . . People will quote you!"

"Tom," said Nan wearily, "I don't want to write a book. I don't want to be quoted. I want to quit and go to bed and get some sleep for a couple of weeks and then I'm going to be women's editor of the Cairnsville Daily Courier. Thanks for everything, Tom. Good-by."

Nan slept late the next morning and then went over to the Courier to meet Sam for lunch. He was busy when she got there and she sat in the small crowded editorial room and smelled the rich blend of paste and ink and lead and newsprint.

Nan breathed deeply and decided she loved every bit of it. If she hadn't been hungry for her lunch she would have become quite sentimental about the Courier and Cairnsville and Sam Cairns. As it was, when Sam came suddenly from behind the glass door that was frosted like a pulp glass she felt her heart do a flip.

"You're just hungry," she told herself sensibly. It might have been hunger but it wasn't appeased by the fried chicken and strawberry shortcake and two cups of coffee they had at a good place out on the highway.

They agreed they didn't like little restaurants any more than they liked writers who were always talking of "the little man" as though the people they meant were three feet high. They decided the Courier would fight for big restaurants for ill-sized people.

They decided a few other things that night and the next. The most important was that they were in love.

The job was good, too. Because he had competent help Sam had more time to roam around the country collecting stories, meeting old friends.

One day on her way back from lunch Nan saw Clint Patterson of the Blade drive by. Clint was a sort of one-man Gestapo for the newspaper. He did the fixing for Bailey and the rest of them. If something had to be taken care of in the life of an otherwise careful and useful reporter Patterson was the pay-off. If a private report on how a deskman spent his time between tricks on the desk was needed, Patterson was the boy who made up the dossier.

The next night the phone rang and the operator asked Nan to hold on for a long-distance call. It was Bailey.

"How's things, Nan?" he asked.

"Fine, Tom."

"Love among the paste pots, eh, Nan?" said Bailey.

Nan took a deep breath.

"I can save us both some time, Tom. The answer is still no. Good night."

She didn't say anything to Sam about the call but waited for Bailey's next move. A few days later he made the flanking movement for which she had been waiting.

At dinner one night, about a week after Nan had seen Patterson, Sam pulled a letter from his pocket.

"I've had an offer from your old paper, Nan," said Sam.

"From a man called Bailey?"

"That's right . . . the city editor." Sam shook his head. "It's an awfully good offer."

Nan looked down at the letter which Sam had pushed across to her.

"Well . . . what are you going to do?"

He frowned.

"Look, Nan, I don't want you to misunderstand this, but you know how I feel about a chance in the big league. Maybe I'm wrong about it but I'll never be happy until I have a go at it. Do you understand?"

She nodded. "Sure, I understand."

"Nan, I've been happier here with you this last couple of weeks than I've ever been. You know that. But I've got to give this thing a try. I've been thinking since I got this letter that maybe you wouldn't mind carrying on here. I'll be down week-ends and we'll see each other often." There was a hint of desperate pleading in his voice.

"Guess you'll just have to try it, Sam," she said.

"They said they heard how I helped with the Wurtele story and liked the way I handled it. They want me to start as soon as I can," he explained.

Somehow she couldn't tell him it was just one of Bailey's manoeuvres.

NAN worked along on the Courier missing Sam acutely. In the evenings after work she would sometimes go up and visit Mrs. Cairns. The paper came out all right but people were obviously disappointed when they climbed the narrow flight of steps expecting to find Sam and were met by Nan.

There were the week ends, of course. They kept Nan going. They were fine but it wasn't the same. The separation had made a difference. Love is something that has to be worked at just about full time, Nan was beginning to suspect.

Sam was excited about his work though. Bailey had told him he was doing well. He showed Nan some of his stories. Nan knew from them that Bailey was lying to Sam or he had changed his standards radically. Sam was good but not good enough. He was a step off the pace. If she hadn't known before she would know now that Bailey was using Sam as bait to get her back.

When Bailey called her the second time he frankly admitted his technique.

"No, Tom, I like it here," she said.

"Don't you find it a little lonely? We've got quite a nice staff here now, Nan," he said.

Nan told him he had all the finesse and charm of a hammerheaded shark and hung up.

Of course the bitter part was that Bailey was right. It was lonely in Cairnsville. After all, face it, she told herself, you didn't come to work in Cairnsville just for its stately trees.

And what if Sam really was clicking at the Blade? What happened then? Did she carry on indefinitely as editor of the Courier? She and Sam hadn't got around to talking about marriage. At this rate it would never get on the agenda.

Nan came down to the office in a low mood the night after Bailey called. Something was slipping. Certainly she was no longer the competent and slightly saucy Nan Morgan who made it her business to see that life gave her the breaks. Here she was mooning about a boy who had left her for a byline. And he wasn't nearly as good a newspaperman as she was.

The whole situation was unsatisfactory and slightly absurd, Nan decided as she turned into the dark doorway that led to the editorial rooms. Her foot struck something soft . . . a man . . . on the broad step of the side door. The man made a muffled sound.

Nan bent down. He was gagged and bound. She untied the gag and then the bonds on his ankles and got him upstairs.

In the editorial room he sat in a chair while Nan helped him chafe the circulation back into his hands and feet.

"You're Mayor Wurtele, aren't you?" she asked.

"That's right." He rasped the words through his dry throat. "They asked me where I wanted to be brought and I said to Sam Cairns. Where's Sam?"

Nan told him, and explained who she was.

Wurtele talked slowly, painfully. He told Nan how the men in the gang lost their nerve, argued and then split.

"Why they didn't kill me or just pull out and leave me I'll never know," said Wurtele. "They seemed to get panicky. They quarrelled half of last night and it ended in a gun fight."

He described the bloody battle and how in the middle of it he was gagged and bound and brought to Cairnsville. They dropped him off at Sam's. He wanted Sam to get the story.

Nan said Sam would. She drove Wurtele home. He said he would sleep first and talk to the police later. He didn't want a doctor . . . just sleep.

Back at the office Nan paced the floor a few times. Then she sat down abruptly and put in a call to Tom Bailey, city editor of the Blade.

"Remember the Wurtele story, Tom? Well, I've got it. Right here. A scoop. I've just talked with Wurtele and he won't be talking to the police for some hours. Never mind how. It's all mine . . . that is . . . unless you want it too. You do! I just thought you might! It's a great story, Tom. It's got murder, cops and robbers and an incredible ending. It's got everything. Now take it easy, Tom. There's just one thing about this story though. One condition. I want you to fire Sam Cairns. You heard me right. Right away. I don't want you to hurt him too much but if you do bruise him a little I'll take care of that. Sam's really a great newspaperman, Tom, but he's not your kind. He belongs here. In Cairnsville he's great. The town needs him. I do too. That's the condition, Tom. How about it?"

She could hear Bailey's deep intake of breath at the other end. A split second pause, then:

"Okay, Nan, it's a deal. Shoot."

When she had finished with the rewrite desk Bailey cut in.

"Nan . . . er . . . Sam should be there almost any time."

"Well, that is service, Tom, but I won't expect him for a couple of hours yet."

Bailey hesitated.

"Nan . . . I guess I sort of held out on you. I should have told you before, but I wanted that story too badly."

"You should have told me what?" she asked ominously.

"I should have told you that Sam walked in here a while ago and quit. He told me that he was going back where he belonged. Said he was going to marry a girl called Nan Morgan. Hello . . . hello . . . are you there, Nan?" Bailey shrugged and replaced the dead phone.

Nan stood quivering with rage. Then she lunged at the phone. The hot words she had for Bailey were rising like angry bubbles.

There would be a slight delay in the call, she was told. Could the operator call her back? She certainly could, but fast.

Nan listened to a thumping and thought it was her pounding heart until the door burst open and there was Sam.

The phone in the editorial room of the Cairnsville Courier rang and rang. Then long-distance gave up. ★

Everything you want to know about planning, planting and growing your garden is yours in McDONALD'S 1948 GARDEN BOOK. Full colour illustrations, easy directions, all the latest gardening ideas. Send for your FREE copy today.

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Look for the label on the garment
Look for the mark on the cloth.

HARRIS TWEED

Issued by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd.

2-17

Interviewed in her dressing room between shootings of the J. Arthur Rank Production "Good Time Girl", bewitching Jean Kent said, "Kleenex is the only tissue for me . . . it's so soft, so white, and so convenient. That's why—

Kleenex* Tissues on my Dressing Table are a *Must*"

Only Kleenex has the Serv-a-Tissue box. Assures cleanliness and convenience. No waste! No mess! Simply pull one Kleenex tissue and up pops the next, ready for use.

Three Sizes—Chubby, Hanky and Man's

"SOFTER"
*Says Hazel Court**

Kleenex is made from [illegible] kind to tender noses and the most delicate skins.

"STRONGER"
*Says Rosamund John**

Each single ply of Kleenex tissue is heavier and stronger than ordinary tissues [illegible]

"WHITER"
*Says Valerie Hobson**

Kleenex is now [illegible]

*Currently appearing in J. Arthur Rank Productions

*T.M. Reg.

KLEENEX*—CHOICE OF 9 OUT OF 10 CANADIANS

To help prevent chapping and to soften dry hands

Campana's Italian Balm
The original SKIN SOFTENER

No girl or woman has ever been disappointed with Campana's Italian Balm because nothing you can use is more effective for keeping hands soft, smooth and lovely looking. Use this finer, richer, more concentrated lotion for yourself and the family. A few drops daily will keep hands free from roughness, redness and chapping. Good for elbows and legs too.

Four sizes: 25c, 35c, 50c, $1.00.

MILLIONS of WOMEN are happy with Maytag

Over 6 Million Maytags have been sold — far more than any other washer!

Larceny For Sale

Continued from page 11

no less than ½ of the 45 catalogue pages to dice. The first page adequately covers perfect dice—the kind the suckers think they are playing with. The other 24 are more interesting.

There are some dandy dice controlled by electromagnets. When the switch goes on they bring up the right numbers and they're a bargain at $60 to $125 for the fancy giant electromagnet. Let the catalogue describe this one:

"The Giant Electromagnet is a recent development in dice magnets and is one of the few that will control transparent dice with the same positive results that are obtained with white dice. The magnet is made in two sizes, one 12 inches in diameter with a 10-inch field and weighing 45 pounds, and one 18 inches in diameter with a 14-inch field and weighing 80 pounds. (For the control to work the dice must be rolled inside the magnetic field.) The magnet not being only ¾ inch thick can be placed in many places where it would be impossible to use an ordinary magnet.

"Under a rug, for example, on the floor of a living room or hotel room rented for a floating dice game."

Perhaps one of the oldest dodges but still good is the combination money drawer and magnet that is still popular around the carnivals. By slightly opening or closing the money drawer the operator can make a chuck a luck wheel or dice do his bidding.

So much for dice for the moment. The poker players who by now will be muttering—"Boy, am I thankful I stick to cards!"—deserve some attention. Cards, beats the catalogue in a loud voice, can be marked just as ingeniously as dice can be loaded. In fact the Chicago firm will sell them ready marked at from $1.50 to $2.50 per deck. It also peddles all the materials needed for marking them yourself.

The easiest method is the use of invisible ink and special eyeglasses. The markings on the back of the cards are invisible to everyone except the person wearing the glasses which he can buy for $4 a pair. Before the war they could be bought for $2 which shows that inflation hits everybody.

Use of this device involves certain risks. People who lose large sums of money gambling are likely to get rather provoked; the cheater is apt to have his glasses snatched off and his cards examined. Then he will be completely undone physically and financially.

Mark Your Own

Often card cheats substitute a ready marked deck during play—a simple trick since marked decks come in all the standard poker card backs. The cheat always comes prepared. Or he can bring his marking material with him and mark the cards as he goes along. To quote the catalogue:

"Instant shading daub in a variety of colors for shading cards during play has met with great success. The preparation is made in the form of a semi hard paste in red, blue and our special green and put up in small tin boxes."

This special daub color retails for $3.50 a set. A box to hold the daub is sewn on the inside of the coat and the coat's wearer simply presses the card slightly against the daub while holding it close to his chest. The daub produces an almost imperceptible mark, though one readily spotted by the fellow who put it there.

Most readers—that is the trade name for marked cards—are marked only for aces and face cards. The intricate designs on the backs of playing cards lend themselves to fancy art work that is almost impossible to spot. A fine camel-hair brush and special ink is used to blot out parts of a design ("blocking out") or a fine line is added to other fine lines ("shading"). Block out ink retails for $5 a bottle. A drop is enough to do a whole deck and it will penetrate the surface of the card without destroying the gloss—so the card won't advertise itself when the light hits it. Shading ink costs $2 a bottle.

All kinds of artful dodges are used to get phony decks into card games and fixed dice into crap games. One of the oldest is to sell the nearest cigar store a dozen decks of marked cards or sets of fixed dice at bargain prices. Then, in the midst of the game, the sharpshooter can send down for new tools. This act will allay the suspicion of the easy marks.

For dice, this is generally too expensive but there is a much easier way. Long before the game is even thought of the cheater will visit a drugstore and buy a pair of dice. Our Chicago friends take over from there:

"We are always prepared to match up common drugstore dice with any class of work you may require without extra charge. Locate the work you need in regular stock dice, send us your samples and we will produce matching work to order."

They Don't Have To, But—

Having got his matching set, the sharpshooter will get a crap game organized and steer his friends around to the drugstore to buy a set of dice. Once the game is started he pulls a fast switch and the game goes merrily on. The impatient hustler who wants to make a killing quick will not hesitate to slip in a pair of double numbered dice and take a chance on their not being detected. These "double cross" dice contain two threes and no four or two fives and no two, or two fours and no three. The catalogue is delightfully frank about their use:

"For a hustler who is giving the monkey the best of it we can furnish the double three double cross and guarantee them to seven not the way they should. The sucker is almost certain to roll a seven before his point comes up.

"If a real chump is making his last roll with all the money he has left, the double-cross dice can be inserted into the game to administer the coup de grace. But they are not the kind of dice that can be played with for any length of time without risk of detection."

The real sharpshooters at dice, the lads who parlay a set of slick dice into swank joints and racing stables, are those who play the percentages. In most of the big dice gambling games today the house takes all bets. As one guileless fellow said to me:

"That's the only kind of dice game I'll ever play. I know the house has a percentage. It's not as high as the parimutuels and they don't have to cheat to make money if they get a good play. So why should they?"

They don't have to, but only a prime sucker would bet that they don't. Why else would the Chicago firm's catalogue advertise:

"Percentage dice to match our perfect dice are a recognized necessity for any do or don't game and we offer several new ideas in percentage dice that have been thoroughly tested and proven for this special purpose. These dice insure the operator of a legitimate house percentage and a satisfactory increase in the weekly take." The book then devotes 14 pages to percentage dice.

What constitutes a "legitimate" percentage depends only on the conscience of the operator. If his demands are modest he would choose the gold or platinum filled dice previously noted. If he's really greedy he's likely to choose a pair of platinum filled dice—then cap them for double effect.

"Capped dice are perhaps the most devilish yet devised. For $5 the knowledgeable operator buys a bottle of capping fluid with which he coats certain sides of his pet cubes. The capped sides tend to stick to the cloth on which the dice are rolled. Capped transparent dice can be used where shaped or loaded dice would be detected immediately and are caliper perfect," boasts the Secret Blue Book.

In addition to all the others mentioned here there are raised edge dice that defy detection except with calipers, dice that will roll over one edge and roll back on another; there are suction faced dice; tapping dice with an interior load that can be made fair or foul by a simple tap on a table; loaded dice that can be burned by a blowtorch and leave no trace of the load.

What is true of dice and cards is true of every other game of chance yet invented. The opportunities for cheating are unlimited. But for the making of real money dishonestly, there's nothing like a bingo game—except maybe ownership of a mint. Here again the operator's percentage depends entirely on himself. If he's exceptionally greedy he can just about take all the money though this is frowned on by higher class hustlers.

The gimmick in a bingo game is the palm of the caller's hand and the stranger sitting next to you. In a big carnival bingo game the magic numbers are stamped on pellets or ping pong sized balls and these are tumbled about in a cage which pops them out one at a time into the caller's hand. That's to make sure there's nothing funny about the way the numbers come up. But all the caller has in his palm five numbers which will spell out B-I-N-G-O on a particular card.

When 50 or 100 eager bingo fans are seated before their cards—and they're watching the cards not the caller—the game starts. He whirls the cage, palms up the first pellet that drops out—but the number he calls is one of those he has tucked in his palm or up his sleeve. To keep up appearances and interest in the game he may call a couple of unpalmed pellets between each of the ringers. First thing you know that little man beside you yells "Bingo!" collects the prize and hustles around to the back entrance to get it back before sitting in on another game on [illegible]—with the same card.

In a cash game the operator may operate on a 20% margin: he pays out in prizes 80% of what he takes in. But by sneaking his little stranger into the game once an hour—or half hour if he gets greedy—he can considerably better that. Or he may do it only once a night—with the big jack pot game.

You're Out

The sight of six imitation milk bottles pyramided on a small table at the back of a booth brings out the Bobby Feller in most males. They've got to try to knock those bottles off the table with three baseballs. What they need is a piece of light artillery. Once made of wood, the bottles are now constructed of aluminum. The three top bottles fly off easily enough. But in the bottom of the other three bottles are a couple of inches of lead. On a very good day a professional ball player might succeed in getting them all off the table but none of the rest of us would.

Soothes Throat!

Such soothing relief from coughs, throat irritations, huskiness of colds or smoking with Vicks *Medicated* Cough Drops! ... because they're *really medicated* with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub and other medications. Try 'em!

New Skin Tightener *does* Wonders!

Surprise! Delight! Await your first trial of NEW SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT CREAM! It not only gives more youthful appearance by temporarily firming flabby soft skin surface but likewise tends to close up premature fine lines and wrinkles, subduing their prominence! The effect of this skin surface tightening is thrilling! This cream dries smoothly and evenly, forming no [illegible] powder base, and makes soft skin surface of face and neck look and feel youthfully firmer!

Saxolite Astringent Cream
Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere

"EARLIEST and BEST" TOMATO

Introduced by us [illegible] are ripe [illegible] by sheer merit [illegible] repeatedly [illegible] Amazing yielder (Pkt 15¢) (oz 75¢) postpaid.

FREE — OUR BIG 1948 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK — Bigger than Ever 4W
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, GEORGETOWN, ONT

THE NEW Triple Action Cleaner is built on the famous, exclusive Hoover principle ... *it beats or it sweeps as it cleans*. Hoover's gentle, easy thorough cleaning gets deep-down grit, prolongs rug life, keeps colors bright. Handy cleaning tools "click in" for above-the-floor cleaning.

It stands up in use. Glide gently, you just guide it. Cleans quickly. Adjusts automatically to various rug thicknesses.

Cleaning Tools "click in" in a second to convert the Triple Action Cleaner for above-the-floor cleaning. A tool for every purpose — furniture, lamps, draperies, bare floors.

High places are easy to reach with Hoover lightweight extension tools. The complete set comes in handy kit. Easy to carry. Easy to store.

Model 281

The big name in cleaners
HOOVER
now offers two types of cleaners

Yes, you can take your choice - and you can't go wrong. Choose either the famous Hoover Triple Action Cleaner or the new Hoover Cylinder Cleaner. Some women prefer one type, some the other. But most women prefer the Hoover over any other cleaner. See the great new Hoover Cleaners at your dealer's now.

THE HOOVER COMPANY LIMITED
Hamilton Ontario

(Left) With the New Hoover Cylinder Cleaner you don't stoop to attach or detach hose. Just flick for release.

The New Hoover Cylinder Cleaner comes complete with lightweight tools in a handy kit including polisher and sprayer. Easy to use, easy to carry.

(Right) New Idea. The Dirt Ejector! You need not remove the bag to empty. Just touch toe release and the dirt slides out.

THE NEW Hoover Cylinder Cleaner is the most convenient, easiest-to-use cleaner of its type ever made. Cleans by powerful suction, gobbles up dirt to keep your floors and furnishings fresh. Many new features. Comes complete with set of tools in handy kit, at no extra cost. Easy to carry. Easy to store.

(Left) You reach high or low places easily with the light convenient extension tools. There's a cleaning tool for everything in the room.

Model 501

Rich...light...tender—made with Magic!

● They're sweet ... they're sumptuous .. they're easy to make! A really and truly dream dessert, these Magic Chocolate Cup Cakes are a happy ending to any meal!

The real secret of their fluffy, feathery texture is Magic Baking Powder. Pure, wholesome, dependable . . . Magic always helps insure perfect results. Get Magic today!

MAGIC CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Chocolate Frosting
10-12 halved maraschino cherries
10-12 slivered nut meats

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream together shortening and sugar; mix well. Beat in eggs, one at a time. Add milk and flour alternately in measured mixture. Add vanilla extract. Bake in greased cup cake pans in 375 F oven 20 minutes. Cool; top cakes with frosting. Garnish with cherries and nut meats. Makes 10-12.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

1 unbeaten egg white
⅞ cup granulated sugar
⅛ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
3 tablespoons cold water
½ teaspoon flavoring
1½ squares unsweetened chocolate

Place all ingredients except unsweetened chocolate, flavoring and baking powder in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with beater for 5 minutes; add melted unsweetened chocolate and beat for 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add flavoring and baking powder, beat again and spread on cake.

Of course when the gal who is running the game wants to show you how easy it is, she puts the three heavyweights on top and if she hits them at all she will clean the table. The milk bottles retail for $18 a set of six and are worth far more than their weight in aluminum.

The so-called lottery wheels are so easily controlled that some carnival towns ban them. No wheels spin at Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition and no games of chance whatever are permitted at the county fairs in Minnesota and Wisconsin. In the West last summer, as in previous years, it was the crown-and-anchor wheel that got the best play. The old army game has a natural advantage to the operator that makes it a large money maker even when played fair. There are four symbols on which to bet on these wheels—a club, a spade, a crown and an anchor. Each segment of the wheel has three symbols that win when the arrow stops on the segment. The wheel operator thus can collect four quarters and pay out only three.

But when the players start boosting their bets, the operator may lose if he has to pay out $10 to one player and collects only a few quarters from the others. But that seldom happens. The reason is often one of those electromagnets described earlier, but the operator isn't helpless without one. A weight on the wheel will bring the heavy side to the bottom and keep the winning number away from the needle. If you must play crown and anchor at carnivals there's one safe rule to follow. Find a wheel where somebody is trying to win by progressively increasing his bets—then bet the minimum on another symbol. And never bet more than the minimum.

But one of the worst of all the midway rackets is hoopla, a swindle as old as the hills and still going strong. A gold watch sits on a bright wooden box. Toss a hoop over the box and the watch is yours—step right up, hoops three for a quarter! But so many people became convinced that it was faked—despite the hoops the operator always leaves lying flat around the boxes to show they *will* go over—hoopla lost its lure.

Now Chicago has added a new wrinkle—a wedge-shaped box to display the watch on, and the suckers are hung up to try and circle it. Oh, the hoop will go over it all right—though the box tapers down a bit from top to bottom so those come-on hoops lying around the box seem to have more leeway than actually exists. But it's impossible to toss a hoop over the box if you're throwing toward the wide edge of the wedge—and that is the side that always faces the suckers! The wedge is short in an optical illusion. The catalogue fairly purrs with pride:

"Our blocks offer the concessionaire the only safe method of using valuable watches on a hoopla stand."

Well, there's the evidence to support the charge that the gambling game that can't be fixed is yet to be invented. Once the public opens its eyes to that fact our Chicago friends will be out of business.

They're not too concerned about that happening. When I dropped in recently to look the place over they had just completed a modest addition to their factory.

Still feel that urge to get into a dice game? Yes? Well, go ahead, sucker! ★

Quote

When a man wants to murder a tiger he calls it sport; when a tiger wants to murder him he calls it ferocity."—G. B. Shaw.

J. ARTHUR RANK PRESENTS

GOOGIE WITHERS
The Beautiful Brunet Who Carried Real Romance Over Into Real Life.

The recent career of Googie Withers has been approximately as follows:

She finished at Ealing a film with the intriguing title, IT ALWAYS RAINS ON SUNDAYS, with John McCallum opposite. The picture has since been seen overseas and Canadian spies who were present, report privately that it is an outstanding work.

★ ★ ★

She attended the London premiere of THE LOVES OF JOANNA GODDEN which points the lesson that for beautiful young women, romance is preferable to sheep-farming. Her romantic opposite is John McCallum. Co-starred are Jean Kent and Chips Rafferty.

★ ★ ★

Googie Withers then sailed for America and a taste of the more abundant life but rejected Hollywood offers and returned home almost immediately to marry John McCallum.

★ ★ ★

She is now at work in London on a new film, this time a comedy called MIRANDA, in which playing opposite her is John McCallum.

★ ★ ★

The girl with the improbable name is now one of London's most brilliant as well as most beautiful young actresses but these days, her screen appearances are exclusively brunet.

She has crossed up completely an early adviser who said her future hinged entirely on becoming both a comic and a blonde. She is now both a top-flight dramatic star and a dark-haired comedienne.

At Your Favorite Theatre Soon

An EAGLE-LION Release

MAILBAG

Canada's a Belgium For Husbands, Anyway

Canada and Belgium

The author of "Canada—Next Belgium?" (by A. R. M. Lower, Maclean's, Dec. 15) misses some main points. Unlike Canada, Belgium did not agree beforehand to be a base of the operations of one nation against another. ... Indeed she resisted and so today does not share the defeat of Germany, but is an independent and honored nation. — Rev. J. W. Whillans, Vancouver.

●Why does the author assume that Moscow is the only point that Russia could use to blast America, when everyone knows that there are 3,000 miles of Russia and Siberia east of Moscow?—N. C. Abercrombie, Vancouver.

●Mr. Lower says, "There is no suggestion in this country of a desire of an independent policy." Is he not aware that there exist in Quebec hundreds of thousands of Canadians of French language who desire, who plead for Canadians to stand on their own feet ... who dislike intensely being the puppets of Britain or the U. S. A., who strongly advocate a Canadian foreign policy ...?—Mrs. Simone Richard, Quebec.

●The answer to our problems is so simple I am surprised someone has not written of it before. ... That would be to go right in with the U. S. A.—each province a state or two.—A. C. Lepard, Brantford, Ont.

A Streetcar Named Perdition

In all friendliness may I ask what your Dec. 1 cover is supposed to represent? Is it intended to suggest the approach to the Christmas spirit, the joy of unselfish giving, the apotheosis of the best of family life centred by a loving mother and child? To me this hideous work of art (?) rather suggests a tram-load of damned souls on the first lap of their journey to hell, and aware of their destination. — Mrs. Advena Hoole, Kelowna, B.C.

Delighted

I was delighted with the short story "Lisbon Inn" by Lou Ramsey (Maclean's, Dec. 15). If more people would think, talk, write and act along these lines there would be no need of peace conferences.—Elaine S. Carey, Winnipeg.

Gobbled Up

The "Miracle at Three Hills" (Maclean's, Dec. 15) has occasioned intense interest here. ... Students have grabbled up what magazines they could lay their hands on and mailed them to their homes and friends across Canada and in the U. S. Other students wish they could do likewise but cannot because the bulk of the Prairie Bible Institute students are of extremely modest circumstances. ... With them the 10-cent magazine and three-cent postage investment comes under the classification of sacrificial giving.—Jay E. Perry, Three Hills, Alta.

Any Maclean's readers wishing to help out the Bible students can address their old copies of Dec. 15 issue, to Student Missionary Movement, P. B. I., Three Hills.—The Editors.

Men or Mice?

I have read Mr. Bannerman's article ("Our Men Are Mice," Maclean's, Jan. 1). I am a married woman and have often wondered how long our menfolk would stand this really naturious practice without at least a murder or two. Mr. Bannerman is in my view most restrained. I know a woman who smokes cigarettes and drops the ashes all over the place but she permits no cigar smoking even in the lounge. The men boarders (the mice) made no verbal protest but did venture to quietly post up a notice which read: "Cigar smoking will be permitted in the cellar every day between Thursday and Friday." There was no cellar beneath the building. The men got nowhere, there being nowhere else to go.—Fifth Columnist.

●I ... have been married over 20 years and can assure you that husband of mine has all his hair yet. ... It would be a very funny world I say if the poor, hard working he-man expected his poor so-called labor free wife to run for his pipe and slippers after a long day scrubbing and washing and choring for ... his offspring. ... It's good riddance if our poor henpecked friend has left the country. ... Canada is too nice a place to harbor such a selfish, narrow minded person.—Germaine McDonald, North Bay.

Burns Is Burns—For A' That

Who in blazes is Robbie Burns? (Mailbag, Dec. 15.) Where were Editors Irwin, Fraser, Young, Marshall, all bearing good Scots names, when that got away? Robert Burns left behind the wish to be known as "Robert Burns at your service." The individual is the supreme law on what he shall be called.—Robert A. Cochrane, Vancouver.

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If Germs March to War

Continued from page 9

defense against bacterial war, but they seem to insure recovery and survival of large numbers. These natural defenses are one reason why the great pestilences of history failed to kill everybody in any nation.

Third, all the disease germs come from nature. Science is not likely to go out and create something entirely new before which man's own defenses would be helpless.

Fourth, it is possible in laboratories to alter known germs so that they become much more deadly. But these alterations, many of which have been made in experiments, do not make the germs invincible. Antidotes are still found for them.

Fifth, chemists can synthesize new poisons. In fact chemists can predict many thousands of poisons that do not now exist but which they can make if needed. They can to a large extent predict which of these poisons will be very bad and which worthless for war. But no synthetic poison is in prospect so different that it cannot be recognized and cannot be treated when it attacks man.

Sixth, biologists recognize a quality in disease germs which they call invasiveness. This is the name of the factor which causes the germs of one year to start an epidemic while those of another year, although equally virulent, fail to spread disease. It is believed that the secret of invasiveness can be discovered and cultivated at will. But invasiveness in no way changes the strength of the natural disease defenses or the effectiveness of medical measures.

Seventh, the unknown diseases now just around the corner are more fearful because they are mysterious. But there is a natural bulwark. This is man's own psychology, his will to live that over the ages has helped him win his disease battles.

Who's who in bacterial warfare and what are the specific weapons and what are the defenses?

The Big Three are Canada, the United States and the United Kingdom. They went into bacterial and biological warfare jointly. The personnel involved, the extent of the experiments and how they were conducted are still military secrets. Since the war most of the meager information to be issued officially has come from United States sources.

There is no available rating as to what nation, if any, may today be ahead. There is no information about postwar activities of other nations.

Producing deadly germs and viruses is relatively simple. They are grown by injecting some of them into an egg, an animal or a supply of food they are known to like. A pin point of the inoculation will grow in a few hours to billions of bacteria or viruses. Little space is needed, no large staff of scientists, no rare natural resources. It is entirely possible for one of the small nations in a building no larger than a small church to make enough disease agents to kill millions of people.

Catalogue of Horrors

The weapons in germ and poison war are many. They are new methods of mass production of poisons or of germs, viruses and fungi; increased virulence; increased infectivity of a disease; contaminated shrapnel working on the poison-dart principle; dusts, liquids containing the disease agents in suspension which may be in thin walled glass ampoules to break and scatter an infectious mist; the poison paper for water borne diseases; pasteboard containers that break open and scatter their contents to the winds.

Bacteria-laden planes, balloons, buzz bombs and rockets are all possibilities.

Smoke screens can be seeded with billions of disease germs and viruses that will settle with the smoke and not dissipate quickly. There may also be disease clouds that are virtually invisible, formed of fine infected dust particles.

These things are not mere dreams. The methods of making the lethal clouds were worked out during the war. So were precise methods for measuring the amount of infectivity or peril to man in each lungful that might be breathed.

The Possible Defenses

The defense methods also are well-known to bacteriologists. Actually some of these methods were developed by the Allies during the war. Many of the water-borne and food-borne diseases can be prevented by boiling the water, heating the food or using disinfectants.

Protection against air pollution is a more serious problem. When bacteria-laden smoke or virus-carrying smoke or mists of any sort float down on an area by night the people who wake in the morning will not know whether it is an enemy attack or just the weather. Medical scouts will have found out, presumably, and it is likely that there will be sirens to warn the public.

The greatest protection would be in virus- and germproof clothing. Laboratory war workers wore such clothing—bulky suits completely covering the body with masks in place of openings for the face. Such suits are expensive. The work of providing them would probably require the time of most of the mills of a great industrial nation for several years.

The length of time the public will have to try to shield itself from such a disease smoke will depend on the weather and decontamination of the air. Sunlight destroys many disease organisms. Man has made some progress in purifying large masses of outdoor air but data is more secret.

The blackouts of World War Two would be loose affairs compared with the precautions that will be taken to prevent the smoky death from seeping into buildings. Not a crack can be left open. Ultra violet light in front of doors or any other openings would probably kill most disease organisms but the light is too expensive for most people. Air conditioning plus filters would also screen out the diseases. Again the expense is prohibitive at present for universal use.

The great byproduct of bacterial war which is the protection of health is summarized by an American Navy report:

"Conclusive information has been obtained which would be of great value, not only for protection from bacterial attack, but for control of communicable air borne diseases among a peacetime population."

No details are given. But the nature of the defenses is clearly revealed in some of the bacterial warfare weapons that have been discussed briefly in official reports.

One likely war disease is tularemia, or rabbit fever. Men could contract this highly infective disease from insect bites, from contact, from eating food or drinking water containing the fever organism, and apparently also it could be transmitted in the air. It causes a general malaise, weakness and sometimes skin eruptions or boils.

It seemed at first to be an all purpose bacterial weapon. But now rabbit fever is curable by streptomycin.

High on the list of diseases studied during the war is one of the two forms of Black Death or bubonic plague, one of the greatest killers of history. The Japanese dropped Black Death germs on Changteh, China, unsuccessfully.

One form of Black Death is transmitted by rat fleas and is not suitable for bacterial war because it can spread only where rats are overabundant. The other is the pneumonia form attacking the lungs and passing from man to man without need of fleas.

One protection is vaccination. Sulpha drugs also are useful. The prospects may be that Black Death will never march again, either in war or peace.

Psittacosis—parrot fever—can pass from man to man without the need of the birds to spread it. It too is a form of pneumonia. Here, too, a vaccine is in the making. If the vaccine should fail, parrot fever rates as one of the unusual and perhaps effective bacterial warfare weapons. Death rates of one in five have been reported.

The really terrible fact is the ease of producing this virus. One small laboratory could make a litre of the stuff in a few days. And that is enough to make 20 billion doses, each one enough to give the disease to a human being.

If only one hundredth of one per cent of the litre scattered on an enemy should reach human beings, that still is two million cases of psittacosis. And once started it can spread by itself.

A Killer Conquered

Much of the Allied bacteriological war work was devoted not to finding something to destroy an enemy but to meet an attack.

The best advertised of the Allied bacterial warfare discoveries was production of the toxin produced by the botulinum germ which flourishes in spoiled meat. This poison is so powerful that one ounce could kill everyone in North America if any way existed of dividing the ounce evenly and infecting each person. Even licking a piece of food containing botulinum poison has caused human death. The death rate from this disease has been 60 to 90 killed out of every 100 ill.

The toxin made by the germs was duplicated synthetically during the war. It was fully as dangerous as the germ's own stuff. But the most immediate result was discovery of a toxoid which is an antidote. The official reports said this antidote can be used for large-scale protection.

Anthrax, a disease of both animals and men, would be spread in shrapnel or on the barbs of military wire. It causes skin eruptions all over the body and blood poisoning that can bring quick death. One of the oldest known vaccines is for animal anthrax. A human protection vaccine may be possible.

There is now a vaccine for influenza. Nevertheless flu remains as one of the military possibilities. Present kinds of flu are believed to be different from the type which killed 20 million persons in 1918 and 1919. If some bacteriologist rediscovers that lethal type of flu virus, present vaccines may not be good.

There is a disease of Southeast Asia, melioidosis, which makes sores in the lungs and sometimes in every part of the body except the brain. Most of its victims have died. It is unknown outside the Asiatic area but apparently could be sown elsewhere. There is no known remedy for it.

Plant diseases exist almost without number. One is the cancerlike knots on roots and stems. The Allies found that this disease could have been given to

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More than 1,000 chemical compounds were tried on living plants by the Canadian, American and British experimenters. One announced discovery was 2-4-D, which destroys certain kinds of plants including clover, alfalfa and soybeans. But if an enemy made the mistake of spraying 2-4-D on wheat or barley fields he would increase production because his poison would kill only the weeds.

The fear of animal diseases among Allied bacteriologists resulted in one of the brilliant war discoveries. The Canadians took the lead. They pointed out that the cattle disease rinderpest, familiar in Africa, is unknown in North America and that presumably this infection could kill nearly all cattle in Canada and the United States. A station was set up at Grosse Isle in the St. Lawrence river. There Canadians and Americans jointly developed a vaccine for rinderpest.

There is a great blacked-out spot in the Allied bacteriological war picture. Were any new pestilences discovered by the brilliant minds that developed the new methods of protection? Perhaps they did not get that far. But bacteriologists believe that these new weapons are possible. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 16

ingry minister "that the meat packers would have seen what they were doing to public opinion. Even if they lost a little money (which they wouldn't have done) they might have waited at least a few weeks and let the price go up by degrees. But as they had to take that quick easy killing, it may cost them plenty before they are through."

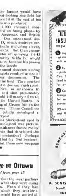
* * *

Curiously enough some dealers did recognize the pit their trade was digging for itself.

It's well known here that several months ago a considerable section of the dairy industry was ready to accept a ceiling price on butter. Butter had gone from 60 cents in September to about 75 at the end of the year and sober people in the trade knew that this was too steep.

They knew that Jimmy Sinclair, the Liberal M.P. from Vancouver, planned to introduce a bill in the Commons to legalize margarine, and thus extend to the larger House the fight Senator Euler has been waging for years in the Red Chamber. They knew moreover that the Geneva treaty would oblige the Government to repeal its flat embargo on the importation of margarine and replace that embargo with a tariff. They feared that if consumer resentment mounted any further the drive for margarine would be successful and the butter industry, if not the entire dairy industry, might well suffer damage.

Some others in the food business, even without any specific threat like that of margarine, were equally uneasy. They knew, and they admitted privately, that they were making far too much money. They knew food prices were going too high and that something would inevitably be done to check them. But for some unexplained reason they weren't able to apply the necessary checks themselves. They had to wait for the Government, much against its will, to step in and do it for them. ★



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Inside Rideau Hall

Continued from page 8

about tempestuous Brian. She probably gets the same impression as a stranger: surely his amazing ear-to-ear lopsided smile must keep him warm.

Biddy Haseltine's mother, a widow, worked with Lady Alexander during the war at the Women's Voluntary Services headquarters in London and now works long hours with the United Nations in New York. Hence Biddy's home life would be rather bleak if the Alexanders hadn't offered to have her with them.

Lady Alexander's job during the war was no sinecure. She worked full time in the department dealing with the evacuation of children under school age, meanwhile running her house and looking after her three children with no other help than a nurse.

When you think of her today, the quiet, gracious woman who appears at public ceremonies across the Dominion fabulously remembering hundreds of names, you have hardly the truest picture.

You could more warmly think of a scene in the hall where the marble pillars are a little cracked and dull pictures of kings and governors general look down upon a laughing woman in a tailored dark coat. Brian leans against her looking up with his father's grin, his history exam in his hand. Leggy looking Tessa bounces about like a puppy. Rose, a grave small smile on her face, waits to catch her mother's attention. And you know that in a moment a man in tweeds will come looking for his family.

His Excellency's Day

His Excellency and Lady Alexander are always up to breakfast with the children. One or the other, but mostly the Governor General, will walk to school with them. Alexander, who once thought nothing of crossing a desert, finds lack of exercise bothers him.

He attends to his personal correspondence in his study and then meets his staff at 10.30 a.m. when Major-General H. F. G. Letson, the first Canadian secretary to a governor general, takes up the business of the day. At this time General Letson brings forth the requests for appearances, interviews, trips, investitures and social engagements. From 12 to 1 His Excellency receives various people who have made appointments. Lunch is at 1.

In the afternoon there may be an investiture, a reception, a garden party or a skating party, or a new ambassador may call to leave his credentials. In the evening members of parliament, some of the capital's diplomatic corps, cabinet ministers, Barbara Ann Scott or visiting celebrities may be entertained at dinner.

If he is free from official duties, Viscount Alexander is no less busy. He may drive himself to a point on the Ottawa River and spend profitable hours sketching and talking easily to whomever happens to peer over his shoulder.

His paintings are free, fresh, professional, with obvious feeling for the scene as well as for the medium. At the moment two of his oils are hung at the Montreal Art Gallery.

His studio stands amid a clump of trees on the grounds of Rideau Hall, an octagonal structure which Bytown's master mason Thomas McKay built in 1835 as a dairy. A leading Bytown businessman, McKay built Rideau Hall itself as his private house in 1835.

In front of it is a brilliantly colored totem pole cut into strong grotesques. It belongs to Nakapunkim. In the early 19th century Nakapunkim was the Kwakiutl chief who led his tribe against the Haidas. In 1947 Nakapunkim is His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada. He received the pole at the ceremonies which installed him as Kwakiutl chief at the village of Kitsilano, B.C.

On his way to the studio His Excellency will pause by the totem pole and point it out to the visitor—not that anyone could miss it. "When I and my brothers were small boys in Ireland we often played at Indians," he'll reminisce. And then his lopsided grin breaks out and his right eyebrow climbs up to its characteristic inverted V position. "These days," he'll say, "Indian chiefs aren't what they used to be."

Inside, the studio is a bleak round room with a narrow work table circling all but one fourth of the wall. At that spot is the Quebec heater.

By the north light there is a half done canvas on an easel. The table next to it is smothered with brushes, paints and other painter's paraphernalia. The walls are nearly covered with framed oil and watercolor sketches. Under the tables and by the doorways there are stacks of unframed canvases.

He Likes to Drive Trains

In his first two years Alexander has covered more ground than many a Governor General during a full term. His 40 tours and 48,000 miles of travel have taken him from the Yukon and Northwest Territories to Cape Breton Island and points south. He has received honorary degrees from 10 universities in the Dominion and the United States. He has fought a forest fire near Ingonish, Cape Breton, brought in a 20-pound salmon in Quebec, inspected cadets and parades, unveiled statues and pictures, opened Parliament, played host to President Truman and his family and drunk rum from a tin mug at a Parliamentary Press Gallery party while the gramophone blared "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Though his tour schedule is pretty strict Alexander on occasion seizes the chance to strike out on his own—as he did the day he, Lady Alexander, the lady in waiting and an A.D.C. went searching for Cecil Hahn in Montreal.

Baron Cecil Hahn had been a good friend of His Excellency in the days after the last war when the British soldiers helped liberate the Baltic countries. Now, Alexander had heard, Hahn worked for a Montreal department store.

The store manager couldn't recall ever meeting the Baron. But he went through the employees list and found eventually a Cecil Hahn who couldn't possibly be the right man. He worked in the basement packing cases, moving boxes, a general handy man. Alexander persisted. Could they go down anyhow?

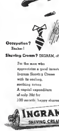
His Excellency, Lady Alexander, the lady in waiting, the aide, and the manager made their way to the basement.

"Cecil," said His Excellency happily, "how are you old chap?" The viceregal party waited until Hahn's lunch hour came around and took him with them. Hahn spent his Christmas at Government House.

One of the major regrets of the Alexanders is that throughout the long years of war, while the children were growing up, the General of necessity had to be away. He is making up for lost time now. His face lights up and his eyebrow climbs up to its amusing V as he talks of them.

Eight year old Brian is the sort of

Continued on page 59



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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

WIT AND WISDOM

Boy—Can We Take It—Any tax cut, large or small,
Would be the handiest cut of all.
—*Niagara Falls Review.*

But not This Winter—When a girl's as cool as a cucumber the chances are she's not as green as one. —*Galt Daily Reporter.*

Squirrels in the Belfry—Out West a redheaded man was shot in mistake for a squirrel. It's enough to drive redheaded men nuts. —*Toronto Daily Star.*

Which Little Pig Went to Market?—This jump in the bacon price will start a new hunt for the ham who started it. —*Hamilton Spectator.*

Weather Note.—A wedding shower is the beginning of a reign. —*Kitchener Daily Record.*

Home?—Revised.—There is no place like somewhere else. —*Picton Gazette.*

An Excuse—at Last!—Procrastination saves a man from making a fool of himself. —*Guelph Mercury.*

Same Pattern—And why do all these self-made men make themselves like that! —*Brandon Daily Sun.*

That's a Mouthful—A modern mother is one who can hold safety pins and a cigarette in her mouth at the same time. —*Teeswater News.*

Has a Weakness for Tunnels Too—The one-track mind doesn't always keep to the same path. —*Guelph Mercury.*

You Figure It Out—A milliner to the conservative trade thinks the spring hats are ridiculous, thereby entirely missing the point, that unless one looks ridiculous, one is.—*Winnipeg Tribune.*

Ouch! — When a fellow shouts "ouch!" he is giving the college yell of the school of experience. —*Guelph Mercury.*

Usually Blinds Them—Anger impairs eyesight, says scientists. Certainly the other fellow can never see straight. —*Hamilton Spectator.*

At Loss For Words—Sending a telegram to his wife—really to announce his safe arrival at his destination after a long train journey—a soldier filled in the telegraph form: "Darling, darling, darling, darling."

"With the address, that makes 11 words," said the Post Office assistant. "You're allowed another word."

"But there's nothing else I want to say," said the soldier.

"You could always put in another 'darling,'" suggested the assistant.

The soldier pondered for a spell. "Don't you think that would look rather silly?" he asked. —*Port Arthur News-Chronicle.*

"You've fixed this iron cord so many times—just when do you expect to buy a new one?"

Good night young fellow!

He's asleep already! He will be safe 'til morning with Yale locks to guard the house. And through the years, while he grows to manhood, these same Yale locks will serve to bring security to the home.

Ordinary locks reinforced with Yale cylinder deadlocks or deadlatches on all exterior doors, represent worthwhile investments for security in the home. Every piece of Yale hardware carries behind it the guarantee of good workmanship.

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THE Windsor
ON DOMINION SQUARE
J. ALDERIC RAYMOND, PRESIDENT

Continued from page 57

small boy who hopefully asks whether his five friends may stay to lunch after the luncheon gong has gone "because I asked them to"; who practices with his BB gun on the greenhouse panes; who asks unsuspecting people to smell the flower on his lapel and squirts water in their eye.

One morning, not long ago, he wheeled his bicycle out of Government House at 4.30 a.m. He bicycled around Rockcliffe through the half lit hours of dawn until sunrise. At breakfast he explained to his parents, "I wanted to see what the world looked like before it was day."

Later that day, when the young adventurer was beginning to look a bit peaked, Alexander couldn't resist a dig. "Where are you going tonight, Brian?" he asked.

Brian gave his father a hard look for a hard look and propped his sleepy eyes wide. Briskly he answered, "I haven't quite made my mind up yet. But I'll let you know."

At the Government House they say, "If the walls shake, that's Brian."

Rose is quiet and slight with lovely dark eyes. Like most English girls she appears younger for her 16 years than her Canadian contemporaries, but scholastically she is ahead. Next year she'll be ready for university. His Excellency is seriously considering an agricultural school for her. "She is so thoroughly interested in farming and the outdoor life." The choice seems to lie between the Ontario Agricultural College and Macdonald College at McGill.

It wasn't because Their Excellencies did not like Canadian teaching methods that Shane was sent back to England to school. They felt he was getting away with things here. The discipline, the Governor General has explained, is stricter in English schools. Also there is the point that Shane must complete his schooling as well as make his living in England later.

The Emperor Myth

Last fall when Lady Alexander was taking Shane to school in England she also visited some Irish aunts of Viscount Alexander's. Soon afterward rumors rippled through the small Irish village that the old ladies' nephew was the Emperor of Canada. The tale was tracked home to their elderly servant.

"He is the Governor General," the aunts told her. "That's all he is."

"Well then," said the little woman triumphantly, "just be good enough to explain to me why there are stickers all over Lady Margaret's luggage saying 'Empress of Canada'!"

The Governor General's mobile right eyebrow always climbs up at that story and he says with merry eyes but the oh-so expressionless English voice, "I like that 'Emperor of Canada.' A very fine title." Knowing full well that his position is more amorphous than even any present-day emperor's could have.

For the Governor General and Commander in Chief for Canada is a figurehead, a traditional apex of our system of government. He is appointed for five years by the King on the advice of his ministers and the Prime Minister of Canada. The job was taken over on April 12, 1946, by Field Marshal Alexander, a direct, outspoken, brilliant soldier, known well to Canadians for his part in the campaigns of Dunkirk, Burma, North Africa and Italy.

Speechmaking is a heavy part of his job in Canada. His Excellency has already made some 125 formal and innumerable informal speeches. There's an anecdote that quotes him as saying, "I have always been a man of quite definite opinions. Now, wherever I go I am asked to make a speech. But I am not allowed to say anything. It is really frightfully baffling," and then with a sudden grin he adds, "But believe me I still think."

Alexander can express only such authority as is expressly entrusted him. Under the advice of his Ministry he summons, prorogues and dissolves Parliament and assents to or reserves bills. He is the only man in the Dominion not allowed in the Canadian House of Commons. (When President Truman made a speech there last summer everybody who was anybody packed into the House while Alexander spent a lonely afternoon.)

We pay the Governor General a yearly salary of $48,666.66. Rideau Hall is provided rent free. Though the upkeep of the grounds is looked after by the Government Department of Public Works, the Governor-General himself provides the domestic staff. This currently numbers 31.

The total cost of upkeep, salaries, travelling allowances, printing and stationery and sundries over and above the Governor General's salary was $108,946 for the year 1946-47.

In the last few years more Canadians than ever before have passed through the wide doors of Rideau Hall. These have been the men and the wives, sons and parents of men, to whom decorations for valor have been awarded by the King.

Somehow these investitures seem to present the significance of the Government House better than the diplomatic dinners or the long gloved teas. You come in your best dress and hat, the children with shiny shoes and ribbons in their hair. You leave your coat in the huge basement cloakroom and are shown to your seat in the high ceilinged ballroom.

Pale winter light seeps through the long windows. The fawn colored walls are almost misty in the dusk of the afternoon. Canadians come in, the men so straight, so spick-and-span they look like small boys scrubbed for church. Their women's eyes turn quickly and often and proudly to them. An elderly couple come together, walking firmly. A young girl, white-faced, comes in alone.

The band in the little alcove at the back strikes up "God Save the King." And now down the narrow carpet between the lines of chairs comes the Governor General and his entourage.

Alexander, middle height, with heavy lidded eyes, wide shoulders, the red lapel tabs flashing color into the dull room—the representative of the King. He seems to look at everyone. Obviously he understands the personal meaning of this moment to all who have come from far places of the Dominion to be here today. This, his manner seems to say, is the job I want to do the best.

And then, as they march toward the dais, the straight young men, the women to whom a piece of metal is all that is left of a beloved one, his eyes are fully upon each individual.

And he says, "In the name of His Majesty the King . . ."

This then is the pageantry we have inherited. In this moment royalty descends from its distant pinnacle and becomes near and real. ★

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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

WE HAVE a report from a Vancouver woman who visited the General Hospital blood bank to make a slight deposit. From the next cubicle came the rich warm voice of a colored woman, telling a nurse that she hated all doctors and hospitals.

"All of dem are crooks, honey, and charge too much. I'd rather go to de Healer any day. But de Healer won't take you unless you fill up de yaller ticket first, see? And on de yaller ticket you gotta tell de Healer de name of yo' ailment. And on my yaller ticket I couldn't name my ailment, so I just wrote 'Slowly dying.' And de Healer said dat wasn't good enough and he wouldn't take me.'"

• • •

An extremely dignified-looking woman found herself sitting beside a five-year-old youth on a Winnipeg bus and engaged him in polite conversation. What did he want to be when he grew up—a policeman, a pilot . . . ? "No," he replied with cheerful resignation, "I'm going to be an undertaker."

This so startled the poor woman she didn't say another word. Soon it came time for her to get off. "Good-by," murmured the lad, and added a casual but chilling, "I'll see you again!"

• • •

Members of the RCMP presumably get used to the isolated life, a thousand miles from nowhere on the Arctic's rim, staunch outriders of a nation that seldom gives them a thought. Consequently it's a pretty good break for a constable to be stationed at a flourishing spot like Whitehorse in the Yukon—right in the heart of civilization, where a fellow has a feeling that he belongs. But we've heard from one Mountie now stationed there who got set right back on his heels the other day. He'd written away to Simpson's for a mail-order catalogue, but all the mailman brought him was a chill circular notice: 'We regret to advise you that because of paper and merchandise shortages we have discontinued sending catalogues to points outside Canada.'

• • •

Back east in Toronto, where civilization reaches the jangling bongo-bongo tempo, a TTC motorman was beating his gong at the home-going crush and yelling at passengers to hurry up and climb aboard. An extremely buxom lady came puffing up to the streetcar steps as he hollered "Come along, now—use both doors please!"

Grinning amiably she heaved herself aboard, gasping, "And don't think I don't need 'em both, mister!"

• • •

We trust the Prairies won't be quite so deeply buried in snow when this appears as they were last February when the heavy drifts considerably disturbed the local labor situation in some parts. A man from Sandwith, Sask., and his son had journeyed 30 miles north for a load of tamarack poles. They started their return journey after enough snow had fallen in one night to come up to a man's armpits. Just as they backed their way past one wood lot at noon they were alarmed to see a man on skis carrying another fellow piggyback on his shoulders. Sure there had been an accident, they climbed out of their truck to offer assistance—in time to see the rider hop nimbly down off his human steed.

"What's the idea?" the Sandwith man demanded.

"Aw," exclaimed the skier, "—that's the only way I can get any trees cut. Now I have to carry my men out to the wood lot like this four times a day or they won't go!"

WOODCUTTING IS JUST A BACKBREAKING JOB!

• • •

An Army captain in Ottawa is extremely proud of his Russian—he knows only the phrase for good-by, but he speaks it like a native. The other week end he found himself at a Laurentian resort where four men, presumably from the Russian embassy, were chattering away volubly in Russian. The Army type sat near them in the lounge for some little time, then arose, nodded to them and let go his bombshell: "Do Svidaniye!"

He strode out leaving a dumfounded silence in his wake until the Russians recovered themselves and rejoined their conversation in halting English.

A new lease on life . . .

At one time the Prong-horned Antelope ranged from Alberta to Mexico in numbers comparable to those of the Bison. But over-hunting threatened the survival of the "Prong Horns" until vast sanctuaries were established for their protection in Alberta and Manitoba. In these refuges their numbers increased and they have since spread into Saskatchewan—a tribute to far sighted conservation authorities, showing how effective conservational measures can be in preserving a species from extinction. To promote public understanding of the need for conservation, interesting authoritative literature and full colour reprints of our wildlife pictures, without advertising, are available free by writing to The Carling Conservation Club, Dept. B2, Waterloo, Ontario.

PRONG-HORNED ANTELOPE By J. M. Hanes

On the other hand, protection was not established in time to save the Cuban Tricolour Macaw from fading into oblivion. It was hunted mainly for food and became extinct around 1864.

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